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"Strange, I remember it so clearly—and more than fifteen years seems just a short while ago. For it's only thanks to what happened Christmas afternoon in 1940 that we're retired and living in California today.

"That afternoon, Dot and I sat by the living-room fire reading. Christmas always made me stop and take stock. This year I was forty. *I'm not getting any younger*, I thought, as I leafed through a magazine.

"For years we'd dreamed that someday I would retire. We'd sell the house and move to southern California. But we hadn't saved much. At forty nearly half my working life was behind me. So I began to wonder . . . *Must I just live and work and die?*

"It was what I was thinking, I suppose, that made me notice the page that said, 'You don't have to be rich to retire on an income.' There *was*, it said, a way for a salaried man to get a lifetime income of \$300 a month in 15 years, and retire. The plan

was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. I cut out the coupon.

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Albert Dorne—from his luxurious skyscraper studio, this famous artist can see the slums where he once lived.

They DREW

By **REX TAYLOR**

sands of men and women wanted to become artists. What these people needed most was a convenient and effective way to master the trade secrets and professional know-how that the famous artists themselves had learned only by long, successful experience. "Why can't we," asked Dorne, "develop some way to bring this kind of top-drawer art training to anyone with talent . . . no matter where they live or what their personal schedules may be?"

ALBERT DORNE was a kid of the slums who loved to draw. Before he was 13, he had to quit school to support his family. Although he worked 12 hours a day—he managed to study art at home in spare time. At 22 he was earning \$500 a week as a commercial artist. He rose higher and higher to become probably the most fabulous money-maker in the history of advertising art.

Dorne's "rags to riches" story is not unique. Norman Rockwell left school at 15. Stevan Dohanos, famous cover artist, drove a truck before turning to art. Harold Von Schmidt was an orphan at 5. Robert Fawcett left school at 14. Austin Briggs, who once couldn't afford a cold-water flat, now lives in a magnificent home over 100 feet long.

A plan to help others: Nearly ten years ago, these men met with six other equally famous artists—Al Parker, Jon Whitcomb, Fred Ludekens, Ben Stahl, Peter Helck, John Atherton—to discuss a problem and a plan.

Dorne pointed out that artists were needed all over the country. Also thou-

The idea met with great enthusiasm. In fact, the twelve famous artists quickly buckled down to work—taking time off from their busy careers. They made over 5,000 drawings specially for the school's magnificent home study lessons. Then, having covered the fundamentals of art, each man contributed to the course his own special "hallmark" of greatness. For example, Norman Rockwell devised a simple way to explain characterization and color. Jon Whitcomb showed how to draw "glamour girls." Dorne showed step-by-step ways to achieve animation and humor.

Next came their most challenging problem . . . how would they correct the drawings which students sent in? The famous artists dug deep into their own rich experiences. They tested many approaches. The system they finally selected is probably the most personal and most effective method of criticism that the field of art teaching has ever known.

School is launched; students quickly succeed. The Famous Artists Schools now has

their way from "Rags to Riches"

Now they're helping others do the same

5,000 active students in 32 countries. The famous artists, who started the school as a labor of love, still own it, run it, and are fiercely proud of what it has done for its students.

Don Smith is a good example. When he became a student three years ago, Don knew nothing about art, even doubted he had talent. Today, he is an illustrator with a leading advertising agency in New Orleans.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled in the school. Now a fashionable New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

John Busketta was a pipe-fitter's helper with a big gas company until he enrolled in the school. He still works for the same company—but now he is an artist in the advertising department, at a big increase in pay.



Norman Rockwell — America's best-loved artist left school at 15.

A great-grandmother in Ohio decided to study painting in her spare time. Recently, she had her first show where she sold thirty water colors and five oil paintings.

"Where are the famous artists of tomorrow?" Dorne is not surprised at all by the success of his students. "Opportunities for trained artists today are endless," he says. "We continually get calls from art buyers all over the U. S. They ask

us for practical, well-trained students—not geniuses—who can step into full-time or part-time jobs.

"I'm convinced," Dorne goes on, "that many men and women are missing an exciting career in art simply because they hesitate to think they have talent. Many of them *do* have talent. These are the people we want to train for success in art—if we can find them."

Unique art talent test: To discover people with talent worth developing, the twelve famous artists created a remarkable, revealing 12-page Talent Test. Originally they charged \$1 for the test. But now the school offers it free and grades it free. Men and women who reveal natural talent through the test are eligible for training by the school.

Would you like to know if you have valuable hidden art talent? Simply mail coupon below. The Famous Artists Talent Test will be sent to you without cost or obligation. And it *might* lead you to become one of the famous artists of tomorrow.

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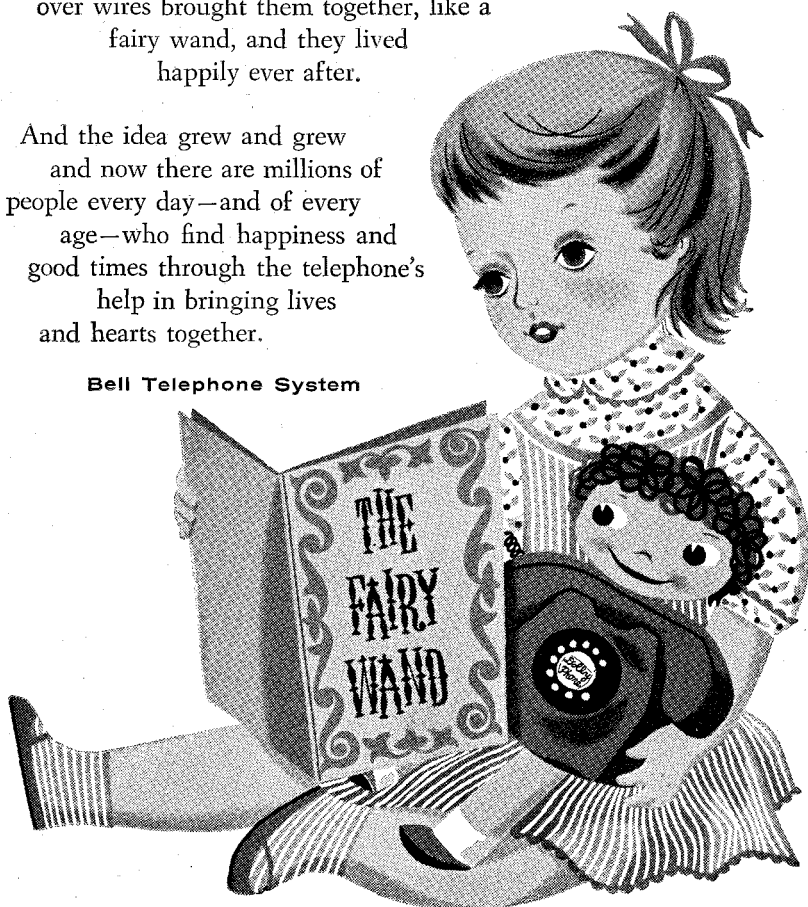
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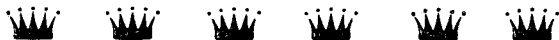
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Dear Reader:

The days of cloak and dagger journalism aren't over. Take the story behind "We're Battling the Mobsters in Our Union" (page 61) by William Wilkens as told to Bernard Bookbinder. How our two co-authors first met is pure Alfred Hitchcock. Bookbinder, who helped write a racketeering exposé which won his newspaper, *Newsday*, the 1953 Pulitzer Prize, was at his desk in Garden City, Long Island, one day when an anonymous caller told him over the telephone: "If you boys want real information. . ."

Bookbinder followed instructions. "I had to take my car at 2 A.M., drive to a lot behind a supermarket, wait for a red roadster, follow it to a house on the edge of town, then slip into the basement—and there half a dozen men waited for me. A tall, slender fellow stood up. 'I'm William Wilkens,' he said."

The precautions sound melodramatic. They weren't. Only recently, a few minutes after interviewing Wilkens and his fellow unionist, Pete Batalias, labor columnist Victor Riesel was blinded by acid hurled by a mysterious assailant. When Bookbinder accompanied the two union members to their Chicago convention, all three were given police bodyguards. Since then, Bookbinder has received numerous threats, among them a crudely lettered warning in his mail: KEEP YOUR *?X!*#! NOSE OUT OF OUR BUSINESS, OR ELSE—. An even-tempered, crew-cut man of 29, Bookbinder takes it in stride. Born in Long Island, a graduate of the Syracuse University School of Journalism, he worked for Army Intelligence during the war, and in the course of his newspaper duties he's ridden a jet plane through the sound barrier, lived with a dope addict, investigated housing rackets, and carried on similar activities which call for someone who doesn't scare easily. He's the father of a five-year-old daughter, Jodi, and dreams some day of writing novels. "Now that," he says, "would *really* be exciting."

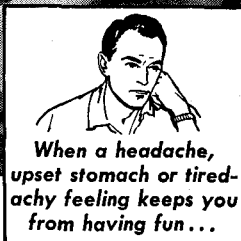


"Cloak & Dagger" reporter

The Editors

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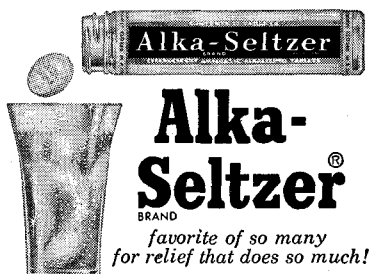
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Coronet

Contents for October, 1956

VOL. 40, No. 6, WHOLE No. 240



Articles

Switzerland's Ill Wind... A. G. MENCHER AND JOHN DONOVAN	36
The Tragedy of Our Deer Herds... EVAN MC LEOD WYLIE	39
Trader McGeehee... NEENA M. WOOLRICH	43
The Tiger Who Changed His Stripes... JOHN CARLOVA	56
"We're Battling the Mobsters in Our Union"	
BY WILLIAM WILKENS AS TOLD TO BERNARD BOOKBINDER	61
Traffic Traps: Legal Rackets on Our Roads... P. WYDEN	67
It Buzzes Away the Bulges... RALPH BASS	72
The Spectacular New Technique That Brings "Dead"	
Heart Victims Back to Life... CALVIN KYTLE	76
The Great Moon Hoax... JOHN MALONEY	81
The School Where Johnny Does Read... DARLENE GEIS	86
"I've Stopped Throwing Money Away"... WILL BERNARD	100
Luxury-Living on \$45.00 a Week... RICHARD JOSEPH	102
They Called It Justice... WILL BERNARD	109
The Man Who Changed Your Mind... JOHN PFEIFFER	120
Let's Control the Private Eye... THEODORE IRWIN	125
How Many Immigrants Should We Admit?... LOUIS BEAN	129
Godspeed... BUD GREENSPAN	133
"Why I Am Faithful"... LEONARD ROBBINS	134
Autopsies: Why They're Necessary	
EVAN MC LEOD WYLIE	139

The Blind Man Who Saw Success... ROBERT TABOR	146
With a Bumble and a Bounce... RICHARD G. HUBLER	149
The Magic Word... LEONARD ROBBINS	164



Pictorial Features

Young Kids on a Tense Border... LEWIS W. GILLENSON	44
The Priest... PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN NEWMAN	92
Royal Danish Ballet... PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNOLD EAGLE	110



Service Features

Products on Parade...	20
Coronet Family Shopper:	
Shopping Guide and School & College Directory...	154-163



Departments

Dear Reader...	5
Moses From Michigan... MOVIES	8
You...	12
The High C... RECORDS	16
Small Talk... HUMOR	35
Grin and Share It... HUMOR	54
Linked Locales... A CORONET QUICK QUIZ	75
Ego Destroyers... QUIZ	85
Human Comedy... HUMOR	91
Way Down East... HUMOR	143



Book Condensation

Guestward Ho!... BARBARA HOOTON AND PATRICK DENNIS	27
--	----

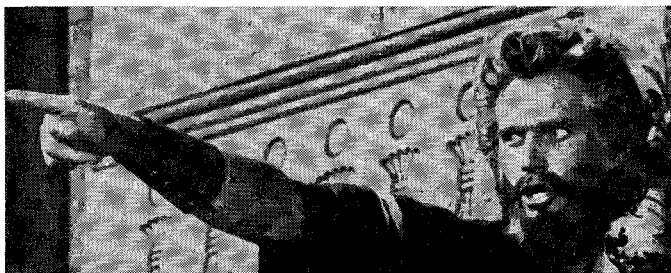


Cover

Painting... JAMES LOCKHART	
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MOVIES

Charlton Heston: man, beard and actor



Moses from Michigan

"YOU CAN'T WORK on the same movie for a year and a half and escape unscathed," says Charlton Heston, who portrayed Moses in Cecil B. DeMille's *The Ten Commandments*.

On location in Egypt, Heston heard semi-literate extras murmuring "Moses, Moses" as he walked by in flowing robe and beard. Which wasn't particularly astonishing, since the Mohammedan Koran, too, recognizes Moses as a prophet, and the extras were Mohammedans.

Nevertheless, the actor let himself be persuaded that he must not "disillusion" the Arabs "because they might find it difficult to fall on their knees before me in the next scene." So for weeks—until the scene was finally shot—Heston never allowed himself to sit, take phone calls, drink coffee from paper cups or behave like a relaxed human being between takes.

"Chuck" Heston began acting in a Christmas pageant at five and continued through plays at Northwestern University. He met his actress-wife in a college drama class and fell hard. They were married in 1944 before he shipped overseas for Air Force duty. After the war, they tried to crash Broadway. A TV appearance turned out to be Heston's screen test; Hal Wallis signed him, then later sold his contract to Paramount.

His casting as Moses was due to a lucky break—in his nose—from college football. DeMille was impressed by his rawboned resemblance to Michelangelo's statue of the prophet, his 6'2" height and resonant voice, plus his obvious inclination to take himself seriously (which DeMille shares). Heston met the director through calculated maneuvering. Shortly after his first picture, *Dark City*, he invested in a shiny convertible and regularly drove it past DeMille on the Paramount lot, waving casually. DeMille finally asked about him and later put him in *The Greatest Show on Earth*.

Heston, who is 32, goes in for daily gym workouts and fencing to help him remain at a muscular 200 pounds. He keeps apartments in New York and Hollywood but prefers his 1,400 acres in Saint Helen, Michigan, which is his voting address. His son Fraser played the infant Moses in *Commandments* at three months. Says Heston firmly: "He's the youngest retired actor in America."

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Two of Broadway's best make peppery screen entertainment

TEA AND SYMPATHY (MGM). With its homosexuality theme only slightly toned down for the screen, Robert Anderson's hit play, which ran two years on Broadway, makes powerful, adult movie fare. The original stage cast—Deborah Kerr, John Kerr (no relation) and Leif Erickson—recreate their brilliant performances in the film. Neglected by a busy, divorced father, a schoolboy turns to music and books for solace—and is branded “sissy” by classmates. His schoolmaster's wife becomes personally involved in his battle to confirm his manhood.

THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC (Columbia) sets Judy Holliday down in the world of high finance. This movie version of the Broadway comedy hit reunites her happily with her *Born Yesterday* stage partner Paul Douglas (below). As a small stockholder, Judy

asks uncomfortably pertinent questions at a board meeting. The directors offer her a job to thwart her probing, with disastrous—and hilarious—results. Clever direction by Richard Quine and a witty script keep things on a 24-karat level.—MARK NICHOLS





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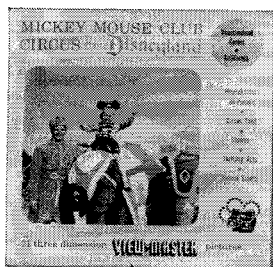
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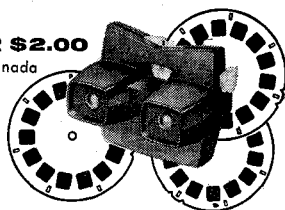
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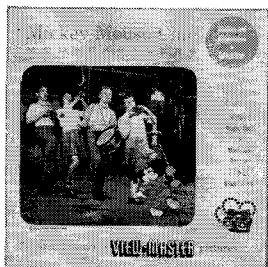
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YOU

*Bad jokes, chubby girls
and other aspects
of being only human*

JOKES BY JUNIOR: Is your youngster heckling you with those so-called "moron" jokes? (Q: Why did the moron take the bread and butter to the corner? A: Because he heard there was a traffic jam.) If he is, you may find some enlightenment in Prof. Martha Wolfenstein's explanation. She claims the jokes are your child's way of mocking the unsatisfactory answers you have given him regarding the mysteries of sex; also, because he is unable to get the truth, your youngster takes a "sour grapes" attitude toward the whole subject—and unconsciously tries to spoof it to show he doesn't really care anyway.



LAZY CHUBBIES: In all the vocal calisthenics over dieting, exercise has been largely overlooked as a means of shedding poundage. But now a research team at the Harvard School of Public Health reports that in a survey of high school girls it was found that tubby teenagers ate substantially less than their slimmer sisters. But, when it came to exercise, the girls with the svelte figures were more active physically as well as gastronomically. More of them went in for dancing and competitive sports, and spent twice as much time exercising as the indolent, obese girls.



MENTAL STITCH-IN-TIME: Accident-prone individuals—who represent one-fifth of the 92,000 Americans who were killed in accidents last year—can be identified by their personalities and reactions, says Dr. John E. Eichenlaub in "Today's Health." He divides these accident "repeaters" into three groups: 1) Self-punishers (head-bangers and fist-pounders) who take resentment against others out on themselves; 2) Those



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YOU

Sleep, success and spanking students

(Continued from page 12)

who like to take chances and challenge nature (Russian roulette players); and 3) People who panic easily in emergencies. Early recognition and a psychiatric stitch-in-time can thwart their fate, the doctor asserts.



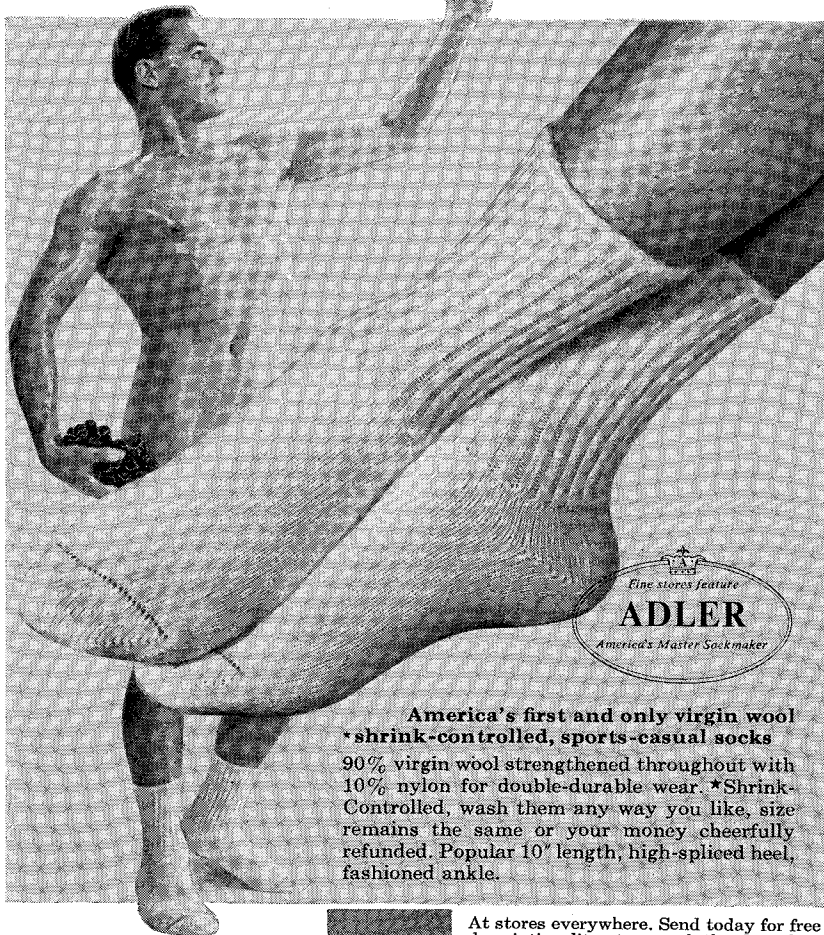
QUICK TRIP: According to a ten-year study of sleep habits at the State University of New York, College of Medicine, it takes you 80 minutes to travel the full route to Dreamland. After that, you're on your way back; for at no time during the night will you sleep better than during that first hour and 20 minutes. And, while you sleep, your blood pressure drops, your heart slows down, you move at least one to two times an hour; and, surprisingly, you are much more sensitive to light and sound than when awake.



LO, THE POOR RICH: The old saw that "money can't buy happiness" is scientifically sound, as far as Peter M. Blau of the University of Chicago is concerned. He claims that the man who makes a lot of money and takes a big jump up the social ladder never really feels at home. He is torn, Mr. Blau says, between his new friends and customs, and his old. And he becomes more nervous, more concerned with health, more prejudiced and more aloof.

PADDLES FOR PUPILS? If teachers had their way, a recent survey discloses, they would go back to the old maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Answers to over 4,000 questionnaires indicated that the majority favored corporal punishment. This was probably in the interest of self-preservation; for the pedagogues also reported that in the past ten years pupils have become more impertinent; drinking and stealing have increased; and more students fail to do class assignments, cheat more and commit more sex offenses.

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THE HIGH C

WHAT a lively and hardy thing opera is! If criticism could kill, it should have passed away long ago. Continually, since its beginnings three and a half centuries ago, it has been accused of being contrived, painfully foolish and absurd, based upon the non-true, an endless repetition of trite feelings and unrealistic passions. In the opinion of one musician, conductor Alexander Smalens, "What classic opera needs is a hero who can tell the heroine 'I love you' in less than 20 minutes."

New forms of opera, more realistic or all lyrical, have been introduced by modern composers. They broadened the scope of opera, musically and dramatically, but little were they able to change the basic and time-proven elements of operatic attraction: fascinating affectation and great singing.

One aspect, though, did change over the years. Operatic theaters, in Europe as well as in America, rarely had been founded for art's sake first and foremost. High society, noble and/or moneyed, sponsored them as a glamorous setting for the public display of its richly gowned and bejewelled members to less affluent citizens. New York's Metropolitan Opera House came into existence because a Vanderbilt millionaire did not receive the box at the opera-playing Academy of Music in which she wanted to hold court—a socialite rival had beaten her to it. Her husband thereupon decided to build a new opera house in order to



spare his wife such embarrassment in the future. Not many years ago, up to \$200,000 was paid for ownership of a box at the Metropolitan—for the privilege to be seen in it as a member of the exclusive "Diamond Horseshoe" set.

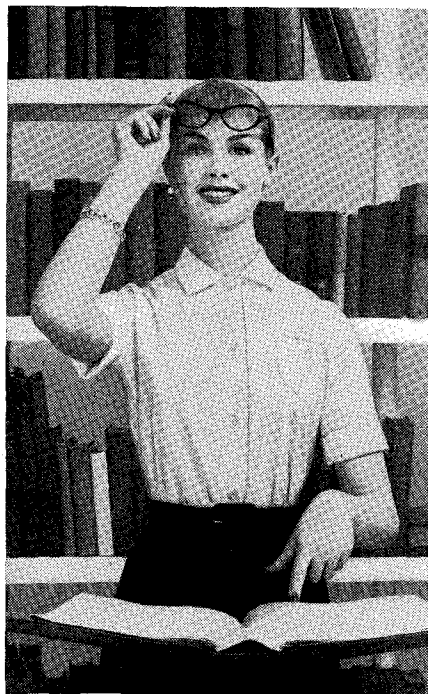
Opera has gone democratic. Last year in the United States, opera was played by 500 organizations, and operatic recordings are acquainting average people with a repertoire which most persons never, or rarely, would have had a chance to enjoy. Good singing by a good ensemble has become as important as the shining prima donna in the foreground. Changing tastes eliminated many of the mannerisms of what Berlioz called "the star performers on the larynx." Today, singers are rarely allowed bravura feats of their own—such as holding a long note and making it swell and almost disappear regardless of what the composer prescribed. The high C of the tenor and the lengthy E flat or F above the high C of a coloratura alone do not make opera worthwhile these days.

Enrico Caruso's listing of the requisites of a singer—"a big chest, a big mouth, 90 per cent memory, ten per cent intelligence, lots of hard work, and something in the heart"—does not make full sense any longer. Opera divas need not look anymore like "before" pictures in diet advertisements; and if the trend toward singing opera in English instead of the original language of the libretto

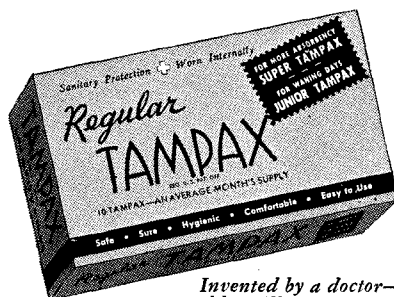
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continues, it will slash considerably the memory percentage. And this trend is bound to continue, speeded up by the increase in contemporary English and American opera, in spite of H. L. Mencken's dictum: "Opera in English is, in the main, just as sensible as baseball in Italian."

But, in other respects, opera singers will always be the same. None will be truly great without that "something in the heart." There will be the traditional rivalry. Just recently, a well-known singer consented to appear at the Metropolitan only after she was paid a trifle more than her leading colleague, thus following the precedent set years ago by Giacomo Lauri-Volpi who, learning that the Met paid Beniamino Gigli \$1,500 per performance, asked for \$1,501 for himself and happily settled for \$1,500.10. Singers will continue to need applause and pay for claque, groups of hired applauders strategically distributed over the theater to provide "spontaneous"

bravos at the right time and in the right amount.

And great singers will continue to have nagging doubts about their artistry. The story is told of how Caruso (the first singer made rich from recordings) asked a number of friends to come to his apartment to hear some of his just completed and not yet released records. When they praised them as the best he had ever done, the singer tartly announced they were not his, but those of a mediocre singer. "It is not Caruso's art they applaud," he contemplated bitterly, "it is enough for them to *believe* they listen to him."

If singers will be the same, so probably will be opera: a world of unbelievable make-believe in which all inconsistencies are reconciled by great music. "The trouble with opera," said Noel Coward, "isn't that it isn't what it used to be, but that it is." To opera *aficionados* this is no trouble, but the reason why they love opera.

Coronet's Choice From Recent Recordings of Operatic Music

Busoni, Arlecchino: Pritchard, Glyndebourne Festival: RCA Victor LM-1944.
Donizetti, La Favorita (Highlights): Garofalo, Formichini, Curiel; Angel 35322.

Egk, The Magic Violin: Cordes, Köth, Lindermeier, Egk; Decca DL 9825.
Janáček, Aus Einem Totenhaus: Krannhals; Epic SC-6005.

Mozart, The Marriage of Figaro: Gui, Glyndebourne Festival; RCA Victor LM-6401.

Mozart, Famous Soprano Arias: Hilde Zadek, Paumgartner; Epic LC 3135.
Nicolai, The Merry Wives of Windsor (Excerpts): Stader, Klose, Borg, Leitner; Decca DL 9839.

Pergolesi, La Serva Padrona: Mazzoleni, Cortis, Leitner; Decca Archive ARC 3039.

Puccini, Madame Butterfly: de los Angeles, di Stefano, Gavazzeni; RCA Victor LM-6121.

Strauss, Ariadne auf Naxos: Schwarzkopf, Seefried, von Karajan; Angel 3532.
Verdi, La Traviata: Carteri, Valletti, Warren, Monteux; RCA Victor LM-6040.
Wagner, Die Walküre: Mödl, Suthaus, Furtwängler; RCA Victor LHMV-900.
Weill, Die Dreigroschenoper: Liane, Roswaenge, Adler; Vanguard 9002.
Weill, Berlin Theatre Songs: Lotte Lenya; Columbia KL 5056.

Gigli in Carnegie Hall (Meyerbeer, Massenet, etc.); RCA Victor LM-1972.
Famous Operatic Monologues: George London; Columbia ML 4999.

Lily Pons Gala (Delibes, Verdi, Rossini, Thomas, etc.); Columbia ML 5073.
Starring Richard Tucker (Verdi, Puccini, Giordano, etc.); Columbia ML 5062.

—FRED BERGER

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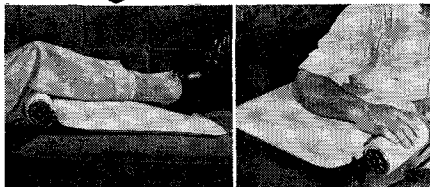
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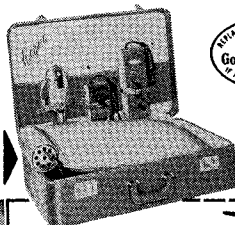
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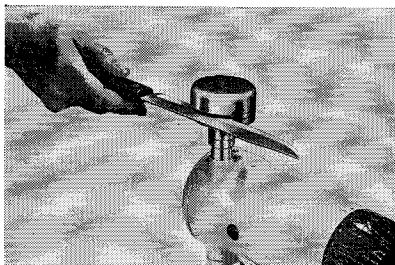
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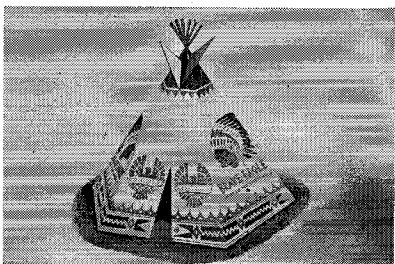
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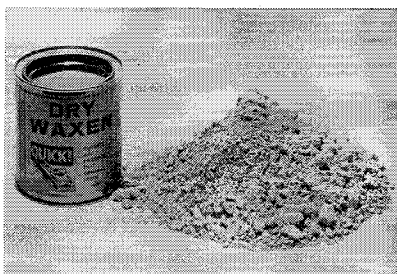
KNIFE SHARPENER affixes to attachment unit of all popular brand electric food mixers. Blade is sharpened on both sides as knife is drawn between 2 abrasive wheels. Polystyrene case. State make, model, year of your mixer. \$3.95 pp. Disney Products, 827 Hennepin Ave., Minneapolis 3, Minn.



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(Continued on page 22)



Why does Chrissi's mother cry?

Chrissi, at eight is a charming little lady, with pretty brown hair and sparkling eyes. She attends school faithfully and is adored by her family. Why, then, should Chrissi's mother cry?

The answer is simple. At night, Chrissi sometimes whimpers with cold and hunger. During the days she must keep active to stay warm. She has no toys, nothing to ease the cruel struggle against privation.

Home for this tragic family is a "space"—not a room—in a refugee camp near Athens. In poverty-ridden Greece, badly torn by war, Communist aggression, earthquakes and the austerity of economic rehabilitation, Chrissi's father earns \$1 a day, hardly enough to provide even the most meager subsistence.

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You can help Chrissi or another needy child through the Child Sponsorship Plan of Save the Children Federation. By undertaking a sponsorship; you will provide funds to purchase food, warm clothing, bedding, school supplies—and other necessities—for "your" child. The cost is only \$120 a year, just \$10 a month. Full information about the child you sponsor and a photograph will be sent to you. You may correspond with "your" child and his family so that your generous material aid becomes part of a larger gift of understanding and friendship.

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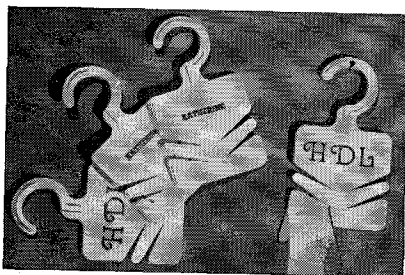
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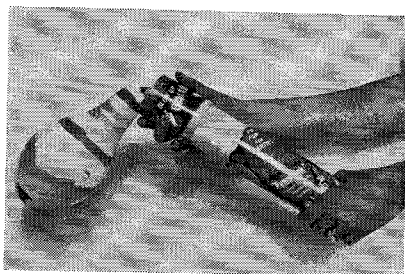
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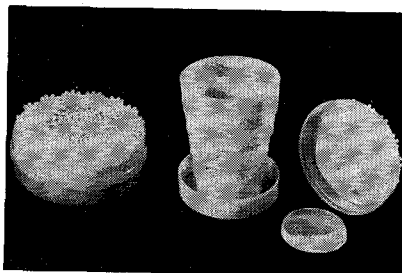
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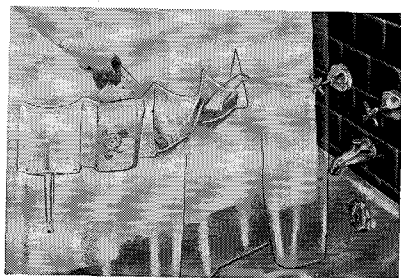
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(Continued on page 24)

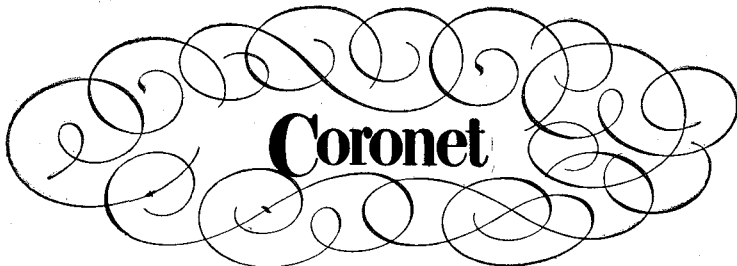
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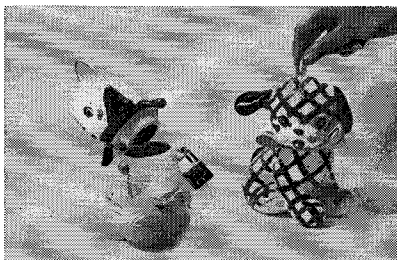


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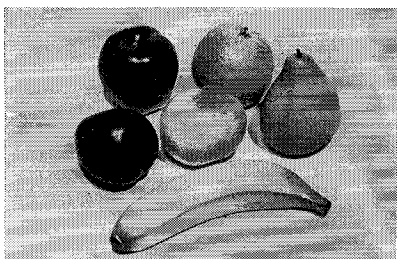
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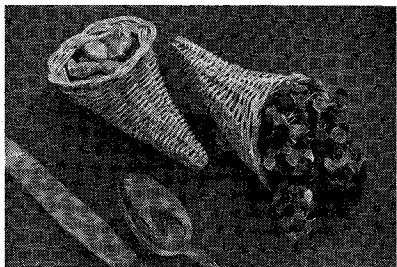
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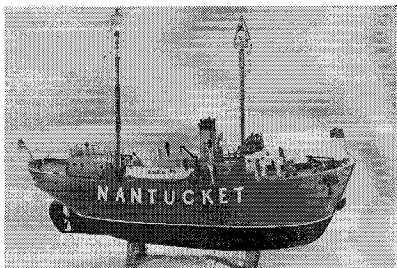
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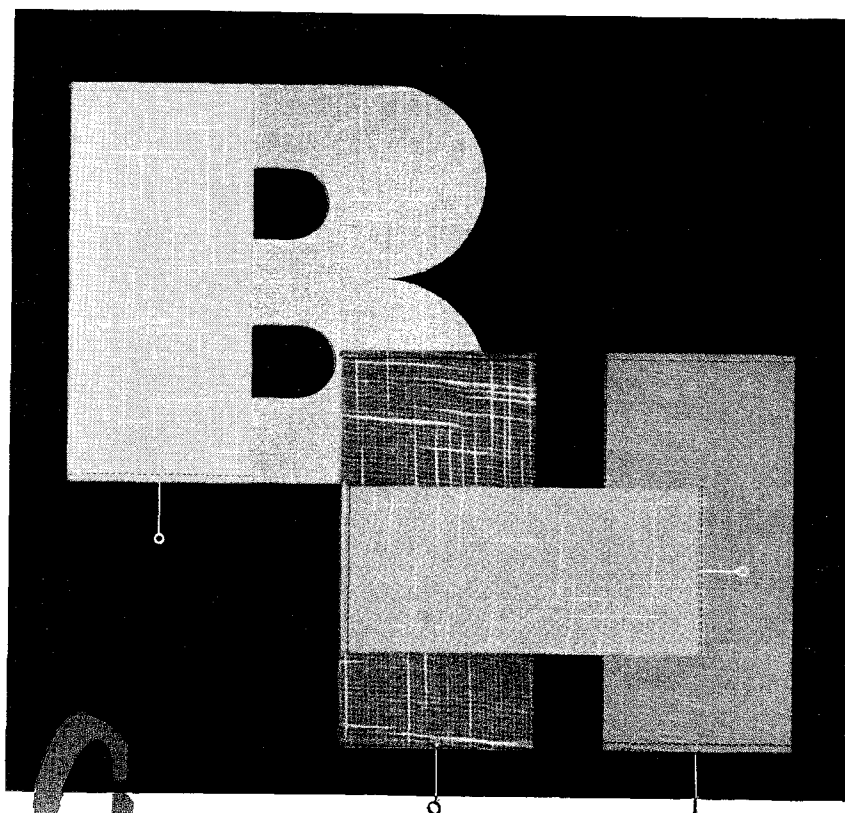
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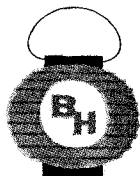
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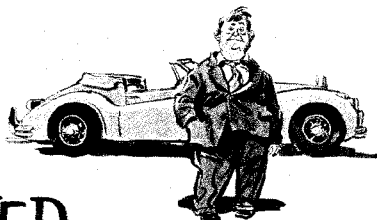


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From the hilarious book **Guestward Ho!**
the story of

JUNIOR AND THE GOLD-PLATED JAGUAR



by BARBARA HOOTON
and PATRICK DENNIS

Take a dry dude ranch . . . add a potion of desert air . . . mix with a pickled scion of wealth . . . and top it off with a sports car. What have you got? . . . The recipe for a 14-karat katzenjammer!

ONE OF MY DUTIES at Rancho del Monte, our dude ranch in New Mexico, was to handle the correspondence. Late in May, we received a communication that looked more like an invitation to a royal audience than a mere inquiry.

It was typed with an electric typewriter on a sheet of paper that felt like velvet and weighed nearly a pound. At the top, the name of an impeccable law firm was engraved so deeply that it almost drew blood when I ran my thumb over it.

The letter asked, formally and perfunctorily, about our rates and accommodations, if the ranch was far out from Santa Fe, and whether or not we had a bar. It was signed by a senior partner of the firm.

I answered, a little ruefully, that Rancho del Monte was,

From *Guestward Ho!*, by Barbara Hooton and Patrick Dennis. Published by Vanguard Press, New York, New York. Copyright, © 1956, by Patrick Dennis and Barbara C. Hooton.

sorry to say, eight miles from town and that, even sorrier to say, we did not have a bar.

Wonder of wonders, two days later a reply came via air mail on the same magnificent paper instructing me to "please reserve the two-bedroom house for Mr. Clyde van C. Nameless, Junior, and valet for the months of June, July, August." And possibly longer, the senior partner hinted.

"Hot damn!" I gasped.

The letter went on to explain that Mr. Nameless, Junior, had been ill, was to have absolute quiet, and that weekly bills were to be submitted to the law firm.

Zowie, I thought, here's somebody willing to take a guest house off our hands for three months, maybe more, and not even haggling about the price! And a *valet*, yet!

When Bill, my husband, came in that afternoon, I was practically dancing with joy. "Just look at that, would you!" I sang. "Croesus is going to be spending the whole summer with us."

"Who?" Bill said.

"Croesus," I said, "or at least Croesus, Junior. It's Clyde van C. Nameless, Junior—and valet—and they want a whole house for the whole summer! They're in gold. I looked them up. He's so rich he doesn't even have to make his own reservations. He has a whole law firm just to handle details like that for him."

"Sounds fishy," Bill said.

For the rest of that week I did little besides get the two-bedroom guest house into the sort of shape I felt it should be in to be most suit-

able for one of Nameless, Junior's, station. Although the Nameless family's law firm had been most explicit about when the scion and valet would arrive, they hadn't said much more about him. I knew that he had been ill, but I had no idea as to the nature of his illness, or as to whether I should rent an oxygen tent, prepare his bed for traction, or keep a doctor on tap. As the time for his arrival drew nearer, mountains of luggage preceded him by Railway Express—all of it very elegant luggage in canvas slipcovers bearing the stickers of all the best hotels in all the best places.

I was impressed.

Finally the great day arrived. As discreetly as possible I asked the other guests please to be very quiet for the balance of the summer. Then I got myself done up fit to kill and waited for the steam yacht, private train, or chartered plane which was to drop this riches into our laps.

Around four that afternoon I was



getting awfully overcome with the jitters, so I asked Buck, the weak side of a hired couple then in our employ, to bring a cold can of beer out to the terrace where I was keeping my vigil. With the speed of a very old tortoise, Buck began to shuffle back into the ranch house.

Just then my gilded Apollo appeared in the longest, raciest, gold-est Jaguar convertible ever created. "*The deus ex machina!*" I said aloud to nobody but me. Then I stood up and ran through my gracious hostess speech while the car came up the drive, and Prince Charming got shakily out of its golden innards.

He stood about five-feet-five in his lifts and he seemed about that big around the middle. He did look sick. He was the color of a lizard's belly and his plentiful flesh gave the impression that if you stuck a finger into it it would be like poking an eider-down puff—except that things would ooze out. While he had the

puffy, featureless face and the body of an inflated baby, I guessed him to be at least 30. (He was 35 and the veteran of three richly deserved divorces.) Just then, I was awfully glad that he and his valet were to be housed outside the main building.

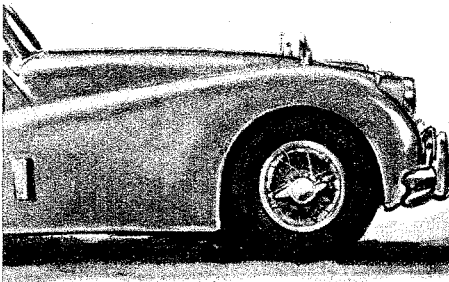
But, as he stumbled up the steps, I still gave him the benefit of the doubt. After all, he'd been *sick*.

"Welcome to Rancho del Monte, Mr. Nameless!"

"Jus' call me Junior," he said rather thickly.

"And you must call *me* Barbara, Junior," I said, quickly withdrawing my hand, for I had seen *his* hands and a more scabious pair of paws had never before been flashed in front of my horrified eyes. But what stunned me the most was the condition of his clothes. He was wearing an Italian silk summer suit that must have cost about \$200, considering that it *did* fit him and that Junior was no ready-to-wear

Junior came in the longest, raciest, gold-est Jaguar you ever saw.



size. Yet it was filthy, covered with spots of egg and grease and gravy and oil and things I don't even like to think about. His shirt was just as grimy as it was expensive. So was his tie. His shoes were incredibly scuffed and down at the heel, the laces broken and hastily knotted in so many places that they looked like bouclé. He needed a shave rather badly and a haircut even worse. And this was a man with a valet!

The valet came as something of a shock, too. I will readily admit my experience with gentlemen's gentlemen has been limited to the novels of P. G. Wodehouse, but Murphy fell something short of what I'd expected. Instead of resembling Arthur Treacher or Eric Blore, he looked like a broken-down old prize fighter, and wore a Hawaiian sport shirt crawling with hula girls, surf-board riders and pineapples, and some wrinkled old Army pants.

Nor was there any restrained, servile bow in my direction. Murphy grabbed my hand, almost pulling the arm out of the socket, shook it vigorously, and said, "Pleeztameetcha, honey!"

As I was recomposing myself to say a few hostessy words of welcome, Buck trickled out with my can of beer. Junior's face lit up like a pin-ball machine, his red-rimmed blood-shot eyes absolutely sparkling.

"Oh," I said grandly, "can I offer you something to drink, Mr. . . . um . . . Junior?"

"Ix-nay, honey," Murphy said to me under his breath. "This kid's a bottle baby." Then Murphy said aloud—and a little too loud, as though he were talking to someone

who was simple-minded or hadn't quite mastered English: "Come on, Junior. We'll go to the room. It's time you had a nice rubdown and a little nap."

I heard Junior sob as Murphy led him off.

Golden boy's next appearance was at dinner, and he and Murphy didn't arrive until the six or seven other guests had finished their cocktails and were seated. I had sort of planned for Junior to sit at the main table with Bill and me, imagining that Murphy would take his meals with the help. Murphy, however, had made arrangements of his own. He had instructed Buck to seat them at the small table for two, where they could be by themselves.

Although I had rather planned to do a little mild lionizing of Junior among the other guests, I was almost relieved that he wasn't eating at the same table. Even if Junior had been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, nobody had bothered to teach him how to use it correctly.

"Did you ask all the society reporters out to interview your social lion?" Bill asked horribly as we were getting ready for bed that night.

"No, I did not!" I snapped. "Besides, he's a sick boy."

"Sick in the head," Bill said. "Barbara, the boy's a lush. Look at all that blubber on him. That's not solid fat from eating, it's alcoholic bloat. Real rummies don't eat—not when they can drink."

"Well, I don't know," I said angrily. "All I know is that Junior and his valet are . . ."

"Valet!" Bill sneered. "That's a hot one! Junior's about as well-

groomed as a chimney sweep. As for Murphy, he's the most typical hospital orderly I've ever seen—big, strong, tough, watchful. I'll bet he got his start in the psycho ward at Bellevue."

The next morning I locked up all the liquor and put the key down my front. I warned Evangeline, the cook, to keep an eye on the lemon extract and the vanilla. But as the days went on I felt ashamed of myself for being so silly. Junior was behaving himself perfectly. Although I saw him only at mealtimes, he seemed a little gentleman.

He didn't ride or swim or play tennis or even mingle with the other guests, but he did spend quite a lot of time sunning himself in a deck chair on his terrace and reading crime magazines. He was shaking less and eating more, and every week the law firm paid his bill.

By the end of the second week I was so used to Junior that I didn't pay any attention to him, and even Murphy seemed to be relaxing his vigilance. That was our big mistake.

I should have realized the only way to keep an unreconstructed alcoholic from the bottle is to nail him into his coffin. They always find liquor; and even though Junior didn't *seem* very bright, he had ways and means, too. Junior's way was Curly, our gorgeous, empty-headed wrangler, and his means was bribery.

It now seems to me that I noticed Junior's sharp decline about the same time I noticed that Curly was off the ranch more than he was on it.

It was during Junior's third week

that his appetite fell off and during the same week that Junior himself fell off the terrace, for no apparent reason except that Murphy had gone into town. He looked kind of bloodshot and glassy-eyed to me but when I got a whiff of his breath there was nothing more telltale than a strong odor of peppermint.

I noticed, too, that Curly had got into the lamentable habit of driving around in Junior's gold Jaguar—and always at times when Murphy was sleeping or swimming or otherwise off guard. It worried me to think of a dope like Curly roaring over the countryside in a \$5,000 automobile that didn't belong to him, and I told him to cease and desist.

THE BIG BLOW fell late one Thursday afternoon. Buck and Evangeline were off that day and Bill was taking the guests out on the ride, since Curly had a sick headache. I was all alone in the ranch house, and Junior and Murphy were dozing in the deck chairs on their terrace. At least, *Murphy* was asleep.

I was considering a little shut-eye of my own when I heard a car coming into the drive—and it wasn't exactly rolling in with the noise a regular car makes, but sort of *sneaking* in, if such a thing is possible for a car to do.

I peeked out the window and noticed the gold of Junior's Jaguar and the fuchsia of Curly's new silk shirt. And I was boiling mad! Curly had claimed to have too severe a headache to take out the afternoon ride, leaving Bill to do it on cook's day off. Yet he now seemed perfectly able to get himself up in new

finery, borrow Junior's car, which I had told him not to do, and have a little outing all his own. I got out of the house and planted myself squarely in the middle of the driveway.

"Feeling better, Curly?" I asked him.

"Uh, yes Ma'am," he mumbled. "A little."

"And you thought that a nice little spin in Mr. Nameless' car—which I've told you 16 times not to drive—would make you feel still better, didn't you?"

"Ma'am, I felt so poorly I just went into town to get me some powders."

"You certainly got a lot of them, Curly," I said, snatching the package off the seat beside him. It contained a quart bottle of gin.

"Oh, I meant to tell yuh, Ma'am, I got that for Mister Bill. He told me to."

"Mister Bill doesn't drink gin, Curly," I said. All of a sudden I was beginning to get the whole picture—Junior's decline and fall, Curly's new finery, his unexplained absences—and Curly, fuchsia silks and all, did not make a very pretty picture as an amateur bootlegger pandering to a hopeless alcoholic whose family was trying hard to get him straightened out.

Curly was the color of his shirt, but still he was steadfast in his big lie. "I don't know nothin' about that, Ma'am. Mister Bill just told me . . ."

"You went out and got that gin for Mr. Nameless, didn't you?"

"Ma'am, I . . ."

"And you've been rumrunning

for him for the last couple of weeks, haven't you?"

"Well, Ma'am, I did do a couple of little errands for him when he..."

"And he's been paying you money—lots of money—to keep him supplied, hasn't he Curly?"

"Ma'am, he jus' likes a drink like anyone elst."

It suddenly occurred to me that it was now or never for dealing with Curly—now, when I'd caught him red-handed. By throwing a good scare into him we'd undoubtedly end up with a better wrangler than we'd started with and the Nameless family might possibly end up with a better heir. "Come into the house, Curly," I said. "I want to talk to you."

He shambled out of the car, leaving the motor still running.

"Just leave that bottle in the car, Curly," I said. "This is one package you're not going to deliver."

I guided Curly up to the ranch house, sat him down in the empty lounge, and started. My spiel lasted the better part of an hour and it might still be going if I hadn't heard Murphy out in the driveway shouting, "*Junior!*"

I rushed to the window just in time to see Junior, drunk as a lord, sitting in the car tipping the gin to his lips. Then I saw Murphy dash out into the driveway, but not fast enough. With a roar of the motor, the Jaguar was off with Junior at the controls.

Curly and I raced out just as the car shot past. Junior screamed something that sounded like a Comanche war whoop and tossed the empty bottle out with a crash.



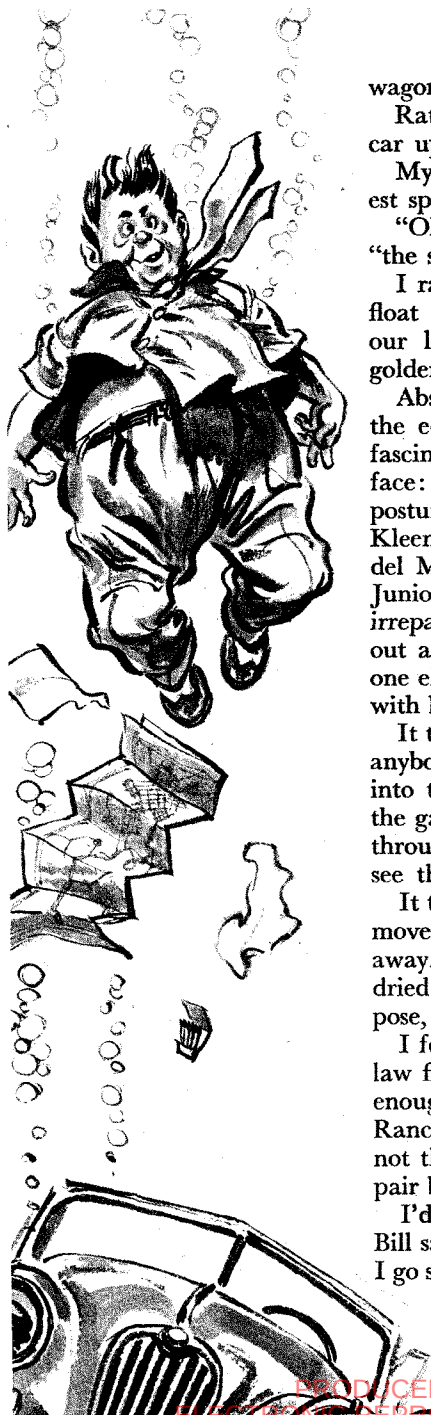
Then he gunned the car and roared out of sight.

"He ain't allowed to drive!" Murphy panted. "He's wrecked a dozen cars already!" Then Murphy got into our station wagon and tried to follow, but the old Ford was no match for the Jaguar.

Junior circumnavigated the house twice, with Curly and me chasing him and Murphy chasing us. But I guess Junior was getting a little bored with that dull old gravelly driveway, because the third time around he shot up the hill behind the house where there wasn't any road at all.

Horried, I saw his car leap up the hill between his house and the pump house. The snapping and splintering of our trees was almost deafening, and he'd started a minor landslide. Murphy, in the station





wagon, charged right up the hill behind Junior.

Rather selfishly, I yelled: "Don't take our car up that hill! You'll . . ."

My warning was drowned out by the loud-est splash I've ever heard.

"Oh, dear," I whispered to nobody at all, "the swimming pool!"

I raced up the hill just in time to see Junior float to the surface. Down in the bottom of our lovely turquoise swimming pool was the golden Jaguar sending up a cascade of bubbles.

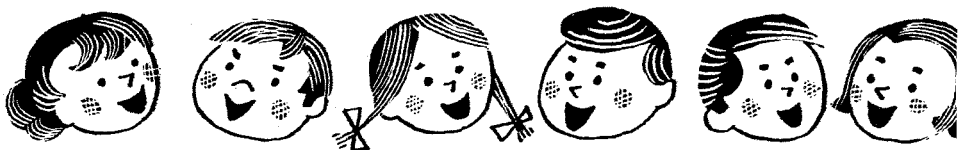
Absolutely spellbound, I just stood there at the edge of the pool and watched a perfectly fascinating succession of things rise to the surface: Junior first, then a road map, then a posture pillow, then some soggy festoons of Kleenex, a pack of cigarettes, a book of Rancho del Monte matches, and finally the receipt for Junior's gin. The damage might have been irreparable, but it looked awfully funny. I let out a little trial giggle, and by the time everyone else had raced up to the pool I was rocking with laughter, the tears rolling down my cheeks.

It took a crew of wreckers two days to believe anybody had got a car up that hill and then down into the swimming pool. "An optical illusion," the garagemen kept saying as they peered down through the opalescent pools of floating oil to see the Jaguar glittering six feet under water.

It took another two days to drain the pool, remove the car, get it down off the hill, and towed away. Poor Junior! By then he was wrung out, dried out, and thrown out—back again, I suppose, in some gloomy institution.

I felt awfully sorry for Junior, as I said to his law firm in my letter of farewell, but not sorry enough to keep him around for another minute. Rancho del Monte, I wrote rather archly, was not the Keeley cure. Then I clipped all the repair bills to my letter and mailed it off.

I'd started the season with a splash, all right. Bill says it's just my imagination, but every time I go swimming I keep tasting gin and ethyl.



SMALL TALK

FERNANDEL, THE FRENCH FILM STAR, was made up for his role as a priest when he met a little girl in the studio who said to him: "Bless me, Father!"

"But, little one," said Fernandel, "I am not a real priest."

"In that case," said the child, "bless my doll."

—*Revue de la Compagnie Generale Transatlantique*

A CONSCIENTIOUS MOTHER, determined to form her son's artistic appreciation early, took him to an exhibit of modern paintings. After making the rounds of the first room she asked enthusiastically, "Wouldn't you be proud if you could paint as well as these men, Edgar?"

He looked at her solemnly and said, "I can."

—FRANCES RODMAN

A FATHER IN CANADA is sure his pride and joy is headed for achievement as a prosecuting attorney. One evening he was trying to persuade his young problem to eat up his stewed rhubarb. "Come on now, Tony," he coaxed. "Remember, there are thousands and thousands of children in India who would be so happy to have the chance to have some nice rhubarb like this that they'd do anything to get it."

The small boy looked up with a level gaze and challenged: "Name two."

—*The Montrealer*

MY FOUR-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER was visiting her grandparents for the first time. When put to bed, she sobbed that she was afraid of the dark and wanted to go home.

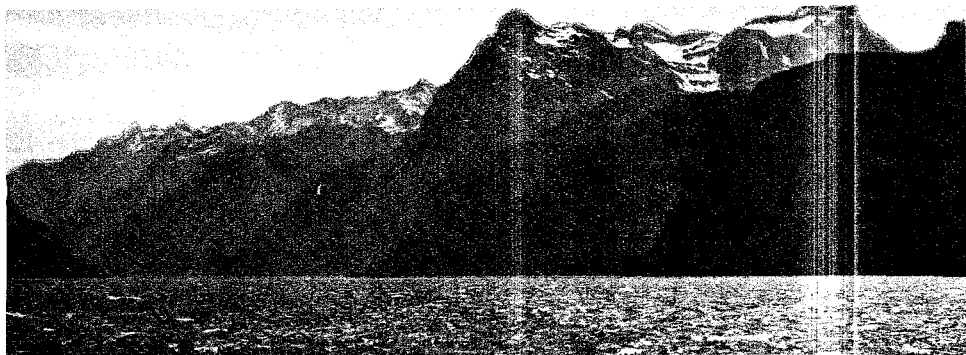
"But you don't have a light at home, darling, do you?" said her granny.

"No," she replied, "but *there* it's my own dark."

—MRS. SID KERSTEN

A TEACHER ASKED his class to give examples of coincidence. There was a long silence, then a small boy said: "My father and my mother were married on the same day."

—*Life Begins at 80*



by ALAN G. MENCHER and JOHN DONOVAN

“WHAT’S HAPPENED to everyone today?” an American visiting in Berne recently asked his Swiss host. “Everything seems to have gone wrong. Cab drivers have been rude, although I tipped them handsomely. Everyone seems groggy or grouchy.”

“It’s the foehn,” his host replied.

The foehn (pronounced “fern” with a silent r) is a warm, dry alpine wind which blows across central Europe and ranks as one of the most baffling of the world’s weather problems.

It blows from south to north for one to six days, for the most part in the spring and fall; and tens of thousands of Swiss, Austrians and Germans suffer biological and medical effects from it. Some have racking headaches and nausea, others suffer from faintness and feelings of frantic anxiety.

Medical authorities and meteorological experts agree that these

symptoms are induced by the foehn but know of no remedy.

When the foehn is about to strike, faint strips of cloud form over the peaks of the Alps and the blue tinted air becomes amazingly clear and beautiful. A Swiss expression says: “As soon as it seems you can touch the mountains, you have foehn.”

People are generally apathetic and many find it difficult to do mental or physical work at their usual capacity. Shaky and short of breath, many have heart palpitations and their blood pressure drops.

Some claim to find the foehn pleasant. “It makes me sleepy and lazy,” one says. “It’s like being love-sick. Nothing really matters.” Another describes it as “a hangover suffered unjustifiably.”

More serious is the increased mortality rate for certain ailments, particularly heart disease, during the foehn. Suicide and accident rates

When these strange gusts sweep in, people become restless and short of breath, tempers flare, suicide and accident rates soar, sexual appetites rise, and dogs and cats run for cover!

jump sharply; and, because people become irritable, acts of violence are more common.

But by far the prime concern is the foehn's terrifying capacity to spread fire. The smallest spark becomes a fearful threat to life and property because the dryness and force of the wind can nurture an ember and carry it hundreds of yards.

As soon as the foehn is expected, church bells are rung three times, followed by a pause, and then rung again three times. This means that all smoking in the mountain village areas is absolutely forbidden and all kitchen fires must be extinguished.

Known as the "Snow Eater," the warm wind makes the snow melt and break. Snow fragments form and become "lawinen," gigantic avalanches which often bury whole villages.

The foehn makes most people dissatisfied and restless. Tempers

flare and arguments rage over trivialities. A rise in sexual appetite is reflected by more numerous conceptions during spring and autumn months when the foehn is especially intense.

Many theories try to explain the biological effects of foehn. Some involve electromagnetic radiation, others atmospheric pressure variations. Yet none, so far, has been conclusive.

Foehn plays an important role in the lives of its victims. It is given as a mock or a serious excuse for a poorly done job; students try to avoid taking examinations on foehn days. Surgeons sometimes postpone operations because of its adverse effects on a patient. In Austria it has been cited as an extenuating circumstance to a crime.

In spite of the scientific data accumulated on the foehn, there have been very few fundamental discoveries regarding it. Most significant

was the meteorological explanation of its origin arrived at some 80 years ago through the efforts of the great meteorologist, Julius Hann. It was particularly important because it marked the first time that thermodynamics, at that time a new branch of physics, was successfully applied to meteorology.

Hann's explanation is based on the fact that various atmospheric pressures at different points on the earth's surface tend to equalize each other. Thus, when a low pressure area localizes around the British Isles, there is a rush of air from the Mediterranean to balance the low pressure area.

The winds sweep up from the Mediterranean and hit the Swiss Alps, which serve as a dam for them. They then build up until they finally spill over the Alps where they are sucked down through the valleys, from 13,000 feet in Switzerland to 200 feet above sea level in Germany, the air being heated through compression as it falls. The

outcome is that the relative humidity of the air may have been halved and its temperature increased by as much as 35 degrees Fahrenheit.

For hundreds of years, this strange alpine wind referred to as the "pfenn" in 16th century literature—has been feared because of the dramatic and violent storms it brings. Wind velocities at the center of a foehn storm have been estimated to range from 50 to 100 miles an hour. So intense are they that entire roofs of houses may be swept away.

In their fury, foehn storms can churn waters of a mountain lake into a seething tumult. Wilhelm Tell's escape from his enemies during such a storm on Lake Uri has become a well-known legend. If true, foehn must be acknowledged as one of the founders of the Swiss Republic. For without it, there would have been no storm and Tell would not have escaped to play his leading role in the federation of Switzerland.

What a Life!



- If a man runs after money—
He's money mad.
- If he keeps it—
He's a capitalist.
- If he spends it—
He's a playboy.
- If he doesn't get it—
He's a ne'er-do-well.
- If he doesn't try to get it—
He lacks ambition.
- If he gets it without working—
He's a parasite.
- If he gets it after a life of hard labor—
He's a fool who got nothing
from life!

—ANNETTE BUCCI



The Tragedy of Our Deer Herds

Man has destroyed their habitat, while encouraging them to breed. Thus starvation, disease and predators kill more than hunters do

by EVAN McLEOD WYLIE

ASK AMERICANS to name their favorite wild creature and most will pick the deer. The proud Bambi with his handsome spread of antlers, his gentle-eyed doe and his wobbly-legged spotted fawn symbolize all that's romantic in our forests.

Yet the vast majority of Americans are unaware of the senseless agony most deer herds endure every severe winter—and that it is man-made. "Protected" today as he never was in the past, nevertheless the deer very often suffers a far crueler fate than he ever experienced at the hands of nature.

Efforts will be made to prevent it. Aroused by newspaper reports of large numbers of deer and elk starving in our snowbound forests, thousands of volunteers from sportsmen's clubs, nature groups and Boy Scout troops will join state conservation forces in snowshoe treks to cut down young

trees for the deer to browse on. Tons of hay will be trucked, sledged and air-dropped into deer wintering areas.

Surprisingly enough, though, the nation's deer experts view all this with little enthusiasm. Their opinions are based on two facts virtually unknown to the public: 1) the tree-cutting relieves the hunger of only a small proportion of the deer; and 2) all the hay in the country won't keep wild deer from starving.

For a hungry forest deer, hay may come in handy as a bed; and perhaps he may eat some, but he won't derive much nourishment from it. He is a browsing animal that subsists chiefly on the tender leaves of trees in summer, twigs and evergreens in winter. His digestive system can't adjust quickly to hay.

One deer expert states flatly that probably more deer have been killed by consuming hay than have been saved by it.

Experts also say that to cut down enough young trees to feed a large deer herd would require armies of cutters. And since it would decimate the forest, it might actually increase the number of deer that would be in trouble the following winter.

Contrary to popular belief, there are probably far more deer in America today than when Columbus landed on our shores. But, even then, they were plentiful enough to play a vital part in the conquest of the wilderness. So heavily, indeed, did generation after generation of Americans depend upon deer meat for a larder staple that, by the end of the last century, all but a handful had been slaughtered.

Then President Theodore Roosevelt made the nation conscious of the need to protect its remaining natural resources and wildlife. By 1915, most states had passed "buck laws," which limited deer shooting to antlered males. In many regions, deer were imported and set free to multiply.

With surprising swiftness, all this paid off. Today, the woods are full of deer, and deer hunting is big business. An enormous increase in hunters since World War II has made the whitetail and his western brother, the mule deer, among the most valuable game animals in the world.

The only trouble with what at first appeared to be one of conservation's greatest success stories is that it has refused to stop with a happy ending. The deer have kept right on multiplying, and from coast to coast come reports of huge herds wreaking havoc on priceless timber preserves and farmers' orchards and truck gardens. Thirty states have the same pattern of heavy damage and many have tragic winter starvations.

WHAT HAS HAPPENED to transform the deer into such a problem child? State and wildlife men, after intensive study, explain that now that its natural enemies such as wolves, lynx cats and mountain lions have been greatly reduced in number, a herd can grow with astounding rapidity.

In Pennsylvania, for example, deer were once so scarce that a hunter who killed one rated newspaper headlines. The state imported a thousand deer and in a few years

had a herd estimated at more than a million. On a fenced-in pilot area in Michigan, a band of four does and two bucks pyramided in six years into a herd of 160 animals.

But while deer populations have been mushrooming, their natural food supply and habitat have been steadily shrinking. Large-scale lumbering, which provided saplings on whose leaves deer thrive, is becoming a thing of the past in most states. New communities, expanding woodland summer resorts and super highways that slice through the heart of virgin forests are further reducing natural deer range.

Well-fed deer are choosy about what they eat, but a hungry herd devours everything within reach, and an overbrowsed forest may require many decades to recover. Tree-planting programs in many regions have annual losses, because the deer eat the seedlings as fast as foresters put them out.

Only when his natural food supply is insufficient does the deer, a shy and wary animal, venture into farmers' gardens and orchards. But, once it learns to eat man's crops, the deer may alter its feeding habits.

Birds migrate, bears hibernate and smaller animals bed down in snug burrows, but when winter comes the deer seeks out the thickest evergreen swamp or deep-clefted valley he can find. There he tramps out a maze of paths in the deepening snow and settles down to wait for spring.

Once a herd has selected a "yard," as these wintering areas are called, it may return there year after year, even after it has begun to exhaust the food supply that's available.

There may be plenty of excellent browse not far away, but so deep-rooted is the deer's instinct to avoid wind and deep snow that he won't venture out to get it. He eats what's in his yard or he doesn't eat at all.

In many states, there is not enough food in these winter yards to feed the oversized herds that concentrate in them. By January of a severe winter, the deer are in trouble. By February, their plight may be critical.

As the temperature tumbles and the snow piles up, they can no longer root down to edible grasses, and the competition for browse becomes brutal. Eating everything within reach, the hungry animals push the "browse line" on the trees higher and higher until only the biggest bucks can reach the remaining branches.

With no food to supply energy and body warmth, the fat they stored up last summer melts away and finally Bambi, Prince of the Forest, sinks down to a miserable death from starvation and cold, or is killed by bobcats or packs of wild dogs.

How many deer die this way? New York's game men estimate that, in their Adirondack regions alone, 50,000 may perish this winter, if it is a severe one. In California, the number is estimated at between 100,000 and 200,000.

In some sections of the country, four to five times as many deer may die because of starvation, disease or predators as are killed by hunters. And a majority of the victims will be fawns.

Many people believe that the solution to the problem of a deer herd that has grown too large for its feed-

ing grounds would be to reduce it by extending the hunting season on the bucks. But this won't work, the wildlife men reply, because the does are so fecund that, even if hunters shot most of the bucks, a herd would probably continue to increase in size.

According to the game men, there is a simple and effective solution: when a deer herd shows signs of outgrowing its food supply—and they insist they can easily read the danger signs—its surplus should be removed by a hunting harvest in which both bucks and does may be taken.

Wildlife experts declare that, instead of leading to the extermination of the deer—as many deer lovers fear—this measure can result in a good-sized, healthy herd whose does and fawns will be able to get enough to eat all winter.

In Maine, Minnesota, Massachusetts, some of the western states and in the Canadian provinces, long-established “either sex” hunting seasons have, for the most part, resulted in stabilized, well-fed herds. The deer are in top physical condition, weigh more, and grow larger antlers.

It is time, many believe, for the rest of the country to heed its professional game men's advice. As long as we have large deer herds, the only humane solution of the deer starvation problem is, periodically or whenever necessary, to permit hunters to take deer of either sex. Aside from halting the serious damage to our forests and farm crops, Americans owe deer too great a debt to let them suffer such a wretched fate every severe winter.

The Spell of Autumn

THERE ARE THOSE poor, benighted souls who contend that autumn is nothing more than the absence of chlorophyll in the vegetation. You and I, of course, know better. We know that autumn is the personification of the gypsy in all of us—that it is the right to be gaily garish and wanton and profligate, to make a crimson coronet of sumac leaves for our hair, to stain our fingers with the juice of hazelnut hulls, to rest our eyes on familiar haze-enveloped hills grown suddenly remote and blue-shadowed and elusive. It's the sound of bonfires crackling; it's a branch of bittersweet in a burnished old brass bowl; it's a hurt locked deep in the heart, and a hope hugged to the bosom; it's the art of leaving off.

—HAZEL MURPHY SULLIVAN,
“THE NOTE BOOK” *Star-Countryman*, SUN PRAIRIE, WISCONSIN





TRADER McGEEHEE AND THE CHEROKEE CHIEF

by NEENA M. WOOLRICH



BACK IN THE DAYS when Tennessee was first settled, so the story goes, a canny Scotsman named Trader McGeehee established a store on the Little Tennessee River opposite a large island used by travelers as a crossing place and by the Cherokees for their annual fall encampment and dances.

As the store prospered, the chief of the Cherokees reasoned that Trader McGeehee owed him some consideration for keeping his braves from molesting it.

The chief appeared at the store one day and informed Trader McGeehee by signs and solemn dramatics that he had had a great dream the previous night in which Trader McGeehee had given him a sack of sugar for his tribe. McGeehee pondered a while, then got a sack of sugar and gave it to the chief.

A week later, the shrewd Scotsman appeared before the chief's wigwam and acted out a great dream of his own, in which the chief had delivered to him two deer and ten turkeys.

The two deer and the turkeys were duly delivered.

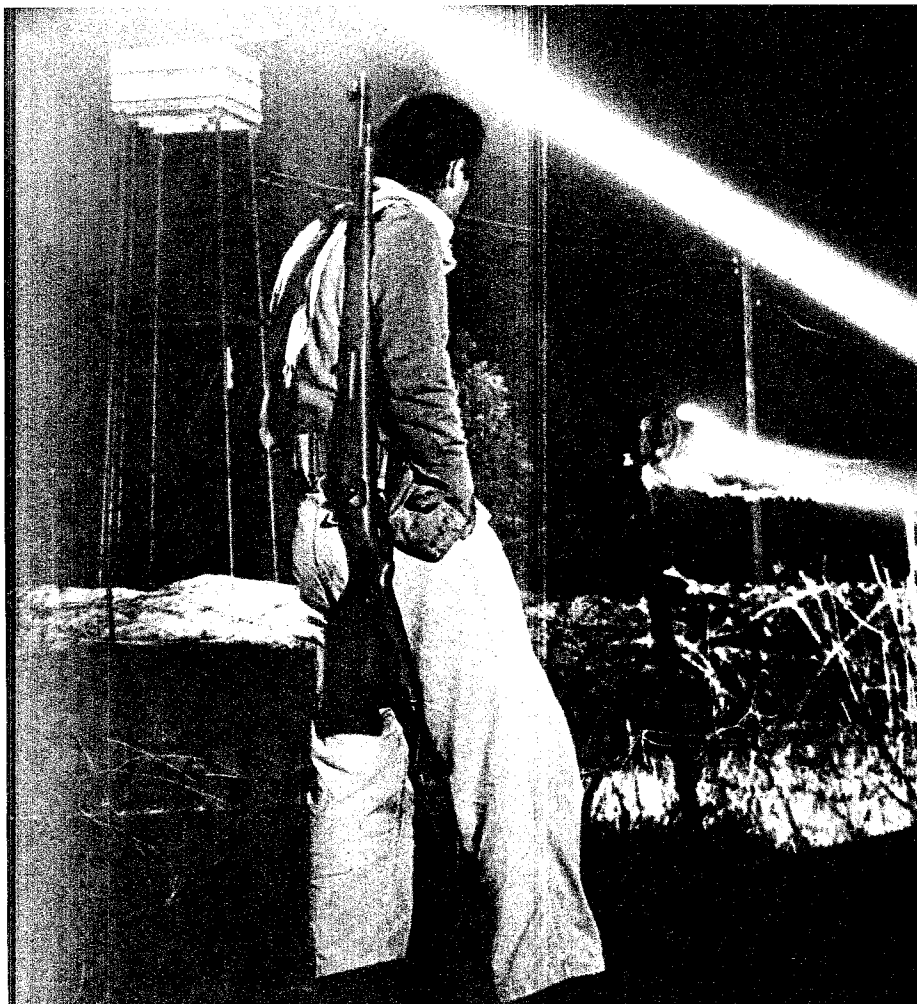
For the next two years, off and on, these fantastic dream performances were repeated. Each time, the chief increased the size of the request. But always the Scotsman managed to outdream him.

McGeehee continued to prosper and on his daughter's tenth birthday surprised her with a child's saddle and a painted pony. Shortly, the chief and a large party of braves stopped at the store. The dream this time was unusually well rehearsed, and ended with "and McGeehee gave the chief the little saddle and painted pony."

This stunned Trader McGeehee. But discretion finally won and the chief led away the saddled pony.

McGeehee waited a fortnight, then revealed his latest and greatest dream in which "the chief gave McGeehee the island."

It is said that for three days the chief did not leave his wigwam. Then he stalked into the Scotsman's store and announced simply: "Trader McGeehee take island. Trader McGeehee *not* dream again!"



YOUNG KIDS ON A TENSE

On the explosive Gaza strip, where Arabs and Jews are separated of hatred, Israel's potent defense weapon is the spirit of its youth-defy infiltrating marauders, bombings and even ambush and refuge

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BORDER

by inches of land and chasms
ful kibbutz pioneers who
to be bullied off their land



Pictures and Text

by **LEWIS W. GILLENSEN**
Editor of Coronet

THE BULLET HOLES in the sign (above), and the tense posture of the guard (left) peering into the floodlights, tell a grim story of one of the world's grimmest places. It is the Egypt-Israel border area in the western Negev, where 93 young Israeli pioneers plow the land of their kibbutz (cooperative farm) in the shadow of heavy Arab artillery zeroed in on them just 400 yards away. By day, 60 boys, none older than 22, work side by side with the girls; at night, each takes a hitch of guard duty. They have withstood daily pilfering and nightly bombings. Thus far two of their members have been killed. Since they arrived as a unit three years ago, only two have asked out. "This," says Zwi Halevy, the kibbutz security officer, "is our home. If the Arabs want to try to move us, we are ready for them."



Iuri Marinov, 21, a dairy specialist, joined kibbutz group when it was formed three years ago. His parents came to Palestine from Russia in 1926, now live in Jerusalem.



afna Luisiada Sneyra holds Mikhael, one of first children born at the kibbutz. Born in Italy, she met her husband at Nahal Oz. Her father is a Tel Aviv artist.

Across the border 216,000 Arabs sit in refugee camps, bitter with resentment

NAHAL OZ in Hebrew means "River of Strength." Only four years ago it was barren desert. Then the Israel army moved in and set it up as a primary agricultural camp. It faces Gaza, an Egypt-held strip of land five miles wide and 20 miles long, now swollen with 216,000 Arabs, refugees of the 1948 war. They linger in filthy tent camps, unwanted by their host country; and spend most of their time in resentful reverie. Hatred is a product of their idleness. And the energetic settlers of Nahal Oz are the closest objects of their hatred.

Three years ago the army moved out of Nahal Oz. It left one-third of the settlement's 2,500 acres in raw cultivation; also a silo, some farm machinery, two dozen tents, a well and a few prefabricated buildings. The kids who moved in were ready. As Habonim (The Builders) members, they had been preparing four years for this day. They were all sabras (native born), fired with pioneering tradition. They had trained, studied and dreamed about working their own cooperative farm. All were city bred. Many times they had hiked the 60 miles from Tel Aviv to look over this dangerous spot in the Negev, and they grew to love every dusty foot of it. In September, 1953—after their repeated entreaties—the Government granted it to them. They rumbled in by truck, filled with exultation; that night they danced and sang. The next day they dug into the soil.



Each morning at 6 A.M. the settlers ride to their grain fields, escorted by soldiers.

For defense, kibbutz's 2,500 acres are split into three barbed-wire sectors and surrounded by towers which floodlight flat terrain at night.





Avi Halevy, 21, succeeded his friend Roy Rothenberg as kibbutz security officer after Rothenberg was murdered by Gaza Arabs. He is a farm institute graduate.



Amir Segev, 21, was born in Tel Aviv where his family still lives. He does perimeter guard duty, from which he has just returned, as eight-hour field chores.

One day the Arabs started shooting and the cordiality turned to hatred

IMEDIATELY upon their arrival at Nahal Oz, the youngsters elected a secretary and detail officials, and planned for the day when 600 people would live here on a rich, jointly-owned farm and share equally in the kibbutz profits. In those early days the border was quiet. "We used to walk up to the plowed furrow, which separates Israel and Egypt, and chat with the Arabs and give them cigarettes," says Uri Marinov, the kibbutz's dairyman. "Then one day they started shooting and killed Yakov Tuchman. He was just 19. They also wounded Yosef Aruzzi." When Yakov's body was brought back by the UN observers, his companions recoiled. It had been viciously mutilated. That was in November, 1953. Since that day Arabs and Jews stare at each other stony-faced.

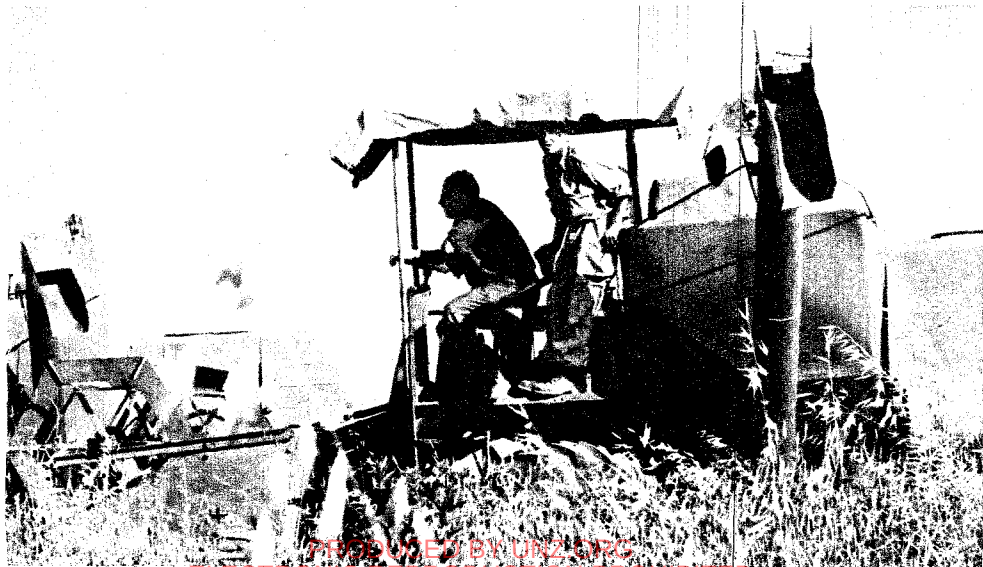




Small groups work closely together; one member is always armed for protection.

THE TENSION put a brake on plans for a new communal dining hall, indoor plumbing, larger barns and a new nursery for the expected crop of babies. But the settlers—men and women—operate smoothly in this quasi-military atmosphere. All are army veterans. Many served the last year of their army hitch (2½ years for men, 2 for women) here. The army permits this; the border kibbutzim serve in the forefront of the nation's defense.

Modern equipment and methods enable the settlers to harvest four crops a year.





Yehiel Tschlenov, 21, a tractor and combine operator, was married a year ago in second mass wedding ceremony of kibbutz. His wife cares for communal nursery.



Tamar Noy, 20, called "Tammy" by the "chevra" (the comrades), is popular recent member. Born in Haifa, she joined a year ago, now works as a kitchen helper.

They mourned the death of Roy, then armed themselves more heavily

TWICE the Egyptians have shelled the 12 buildings of the kibbutz. Once the nursery was hit, another time the laundry was shattered. A few settlers were wounded. One is still blinded from the shrapnel. Last April, Roy Rothenberg spotted Arabs harvesting kibbutz grain. Rifle shots rang out, and Rothenberg was dragged bleeding across the border. The next day his body was returned, his eyes gouged out and his hands cut off. He left a new baby, one of the first born of the 16 marriages at the kibbutz. At Nahal Oz they mourned their dead friend; the next day they armed themselves even more heavily and drove their combines into the fields. It was the time for the grain harvest.



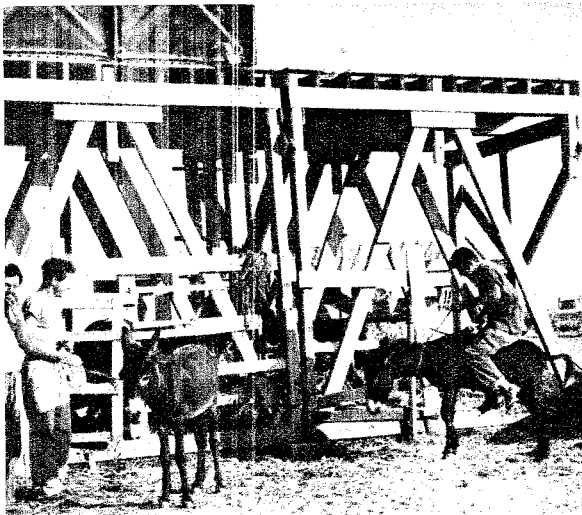
Settlers repair own farm machinery. It is International Jewish Agency which finances



provided by in-
new settlements.



Pesach Zuckerman and Aaron Levine load barley, farm's biggest
crop. Kibbutz recently harvested its first crop of fine cotton.



**So long as there's water,
the land is rich; without
it, soil returns to dust**

After work, farmers play cowboy with donkeys.

THE terror tactics have failed. Today the kibbutz boasts of 15,000 fowl and 60 head of cattle. The settlers cultivate almost all the land. There are no deficits. For spending money, members vote themselves \$15 a year. All are former city kids, who've tasted the comforts money can bring. Now they mark time patiently, secure in their dreams of a prosperous future on their own soil.

Adults eat in communal dining room; children in farm nursery.



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A Yemenite worker guards the aluminum pipelines, which are easily movable, and hence easily pilfered. There is enough well water at Nahal Oz for 40 acres. The rest is now piped 60 miles from the Yarkon River. With it, the soil yields richly as it did in Biblical days. Without it, the land would return to desert.

Grin and Share It



ARMY TROOPS being trained for a secret mission were sent over an extremely tough obstacle course which included swimming across a raging river, running up a vertical cliff, scrambling through barbed-wire entanglements in full equipment.

As they reached the end, a colonel barked to an Ozark Mountains boy in the company, "How do you like it, soldier?"

"Shucks, suh, it ain't nuthin'," drawled the boy. "Where I come from, we have to go through country like this to get to the barn!"

—Capper's Weekly



A SCULPTOR was putting the finishing touches on the statue of a military hero for the local historical society when a friend visited him.

"Why have you given the General such a peculiar pose?" asked the friend.

"It was started as an equestrian statue," the sculptor explained, "and the committee found they couldn't afford the horse."

—EDDIE CANTOR, *World's Book of Best Jokes*
(The World Publishing Co.)

MEMBERS of a polar expedition returned after three years and were guests of honor at a banquet. Everyone was asking about the trip, including a sweet young thing who queried, "What did you miss most out there away from civilization?"

The leader of the expedition slowly looked her up and down and replied deliberately, "Temptation, young lady, temptation."

—The Machinist

THE LATE Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, of New York, was seated next to a Son of the American Revolution at a public dinner.

"One of my ancestors," said the Son a bit boastfully, "signed the Declaration of Independence."

"Ah, indeed," the rabbi said, "and one of mine signed the Ten Commandments."

—The Treasury of Modern Humor, Ed.
by MARTHA LUFTON (Maxwell Droke, Pub.)

IN HIS EARLY DAYS, despite his poverty, Oscar Wilde held himself proudly aloof. One day, he was granted an interview with a nobleman looking for a tutor for his sons.



The aristocrat seemed inclined to give him the position, but first asked: "As to meals, Mr. Wilde, will you—er—expect to eat with the family?"

"That," Wilde replied blandly, "will depend entirely on your family's table manners."

—LEWIS STONE

WHEN ASKED if he knew of a miracle, modernistic painter Pablo Picasso answered: "Certainly. Rubens was a miracle."

The questioner wanted to know, "Do you really consider Rubens' masterpieces miraculous?"

"Not exactly," Picasso explained. "But Rubens made only 2,000 paintings, of which we have now 4,000 left. That's what I'd call a miracle."

—STYVENSKA DAGBLADET, Malmö, Sweden

DURING WORLD WAR II a milk bottle fished out of the Pacific Ocean was found to contain a piece of water-soaked paper. But the writing on the paper was too faint to be deciphered. Clearly, it was a case for the FBI.

Various tests were made and various acids applied. At last, six words stood out in startling clearness. They were: 2 quarts of milk, no cream.

—The L & N Employees' Magazine

THE BANK OF ENGLAND has long required its employees to sign a daily register and record their reasons should they be late. London weather being what it is, the first tardy gentleman generally writes "fog" opposite his name, and those who follow, "ditto."

One morning the first latecomer wrote in the book, "Wife had twins." Under the twice blessed gentleman's name mechanically followed 20 others, each with a "ditto!"

—United Mine Workers Journal

AT A DINNER PARTY, a society matron found herself sitting next to a handsome Westerner. They soon became extremely interested in each other and eventually got to talking about ages.

When asked by the woman to guess her age, the Westerner answered tactfully, "I don't rightly know, ma'am, but I do know one thing. If I saw you on the street, I'd whistle first and estimate later."

—Wall Street Journal

HIS NEW PATIENT's lengthy list of aches and pains made the doctor suspect that he was dealing with a hypochondriac; nevertheless, he prescribed pills to be taken regularly.

A week later the patient was back—all smiles. "Those pills," he exclaimed, "they're wonderful. I feel like a new man."

"Those pills," said the doctor, deciding to be frank with the man, "are nothing but little balls of bread."

"Good heavens!" cried the patient, turning pale. "White or whole wheat?"

—Wall Street Journal

Why not send your funny story to "Grim and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

The Tiger Who Changed His Stripes

by JOHN CARLOVA



ZARAK KHAN, one of the most fabulous outlaws of modern times, was an amazing mixture of good and evil. A man of incredible courage and revolting cruelty, he robbed his own father, terrorized the northwest frontier of India, plundered whole towns, led an army of bandits against British outposts, and personally murdered hundreds of people.

Yet, he shared his loot with the poor, was deeply religious, generally considerate to women, kind to the aged and—most astounding of all—died a hero, fighting for the Allies in World War II.

Much of Zarak Khan's life is cloaked in legend, his death veiled in obscurity. But the true story was recently told to this writer by his younger brother, Saba Khan, who now lives in Singapore.

Zarak Khan started his wild career by seducing the youngest of his Moslem father's four wives, a dark-eyed Kashmir beauty of 17. Zarak, a handsome youth of 18 at the time, and the girl managed to keep their romance secret. But not for long. The awful truth soon reached Zarak's father, a wealthy Pathan tribal leader.

However, Zarak had been forewarned by his mother. With her help, he collected all the available cash and valuables in the palace, piled them—and the girl—into his father's car and headed for the Afghanistan border.

The car broke down near the town of Dera-Ismail Khan. Armed Pathan tribesmen, rushed out by Zarak's father, killed the girl on the

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spot. Then her lover was beaten unconscious with camel whips, and his nose was slashed to mark him forever as a wife-stealer.

A small-time trader found Zarak and nursed him back to health, later smuggling him into the mountains, where he joined an outlaw band. For two years, he took part in petty forays against farms and small caravans, and completed his education as a bandit leader extraordinary.

At 21, Zarak Khan was a bearded giant, 6 feet 4 inches tall, so strong he could wrestle a bull. He was a skilled swordsman and a superb shot with either rifle or pistol. This was partly due to training Zarak had received as a cadet at a British academy in Delhi, where he had also excelled in military strategy. He spoke perfect English and, although he made war on the British, he admired their manners, customs and games. At one time, he had six polo teams competing on a league basis within his bandit organization.

One thing bothered Zarak—his knife-scarred nose. Servants were forbidden to leave mirrors anywhere near him. Yet, at times, out of sheer perversity, Zarak would call for a mirror and broodingly study his distorted countenance—until he worked himself into a fury, smashing furniture, kicking servants and knocking down anyone foolish enough to try and reason with him. If a psychiatrist ever wanted to find the key to Zarak Khan's misguided career, he certainly would have no further to look than the end of that carved-up nose.

Shortly after he was 21, Zarak

fancied the chief of the band he had joined was making fun of his nose. He challenged the chief to a fight, beat him senseless and then killed him with a 50-pound rock. That made Zarak chief. By 1927, when he was 25, he controlled an army of nearly 1,000 bandits. He divided his force into divisions, regiments and companies—and all of his officers had a standing invitation to meet the boss with swords, pistols or fists any time any one of them felt he was strong enough to step into the top job. Not many accepted the challenge. Those who did wound up dead.

Main targets of Zarak's terrorists were mail trains, large trade caravans and towns big enough to boast a bank or two. The bandits were under strict orders never to rob a Moslem, or harm a Moslem woman or child, and to kick back one quarter of the plunder of each raid to the poor of that particular area. Hindus, however, were shown no mercy. Caravan leaders, merchants and bankers who were dragged before Zarak Khan received the same savage sentence—death by the club—often wielded personally by the bandit chief.

Captured women were another matter. The prettiest were invited to join Zarak's harem—after, of course, they had turned Moslem. The rest were distributed among the men or put to work as camp slaves. In his mountain headquarters—a surprisingly luxurious palace—Zarak never had less than 50 lovelies at his beck and call. Another 50 were distributed at outlying camps, just in



In the dusk, Zarak and his father's dark-eyed beauty fled—and a legend began.

case he wasn't able to get home.

By 1930 the British authorities in India had placed a price of £25,000 (at that time around \$125,000) on the head of Zarak Khan. The British army had its hands full defending the northwest frontier against hordes of Afghans. It was unnerving to have Zarak's powerful outlaw force moving about at the rear, attacking forts and outposts when they needed arms. On one night raid, Zarak captured an outpost near the border. The 12 British soldiers who survived were chained to their unloaded rifles and force-marched into the mountains. Zarak intended to hold the men as hostages.

The next morning, however, a British cavalry unit was sighted. Rather than take the time to unchain the highly valued rifles from the hostages, Zarak simply ordered the men's hands cut off at the wrist, leaving them to bleed to death.

In retaliation, outraged British army officials moved up thousands of reinforcements. Planes traced the terrorists' movements and bombers eventually discovered Zarak's head-

quarters and badly damaged them.

But most of the bandit army managed to escape into Afghanistan, and there Zarak Khan began plotting his greatest coup—an attack on the treasury at the town of Murgha Kibzai. An Afghan chieftain, who heard of the plan, insisted he and his 300 men be cut in on the deal. Zarak agreed.

He had no intention, however, of sharing his loot. So on the secret route to Murgha Kibzai, known only to his own men, Zarak sent the Afghans off the trail to Fort Sandeman. Here the British garrison, reinforced by troops rushed from Murgha Kibzai, had been forewarned by an accomplice of Zarak, and the Afghans were slaughtered.

In the meantime, Zarak and his force of 700 men attacked the weakened garrison at Murgha Kibzai, sacked the town, and plundered the treasury. The take was £200,000 (close to a cool million dollars). Zarak immediately built a new headquarters in the mountains, recruited more followers, and lived more lavishly—and brutally—than ever, set-

ting himself up as a veritable tyrant.

But, in 1939, he went too far. In a rage, he clubbed to death a man who turned out to be a *mullah*, a holy person sacred to every Moslem. Zarak's own followers turned on him and he was forced to flee for his life.

Two years later, a much-changed Zarak reappeared at the home of his aged father. Humble, wearing dirty rags, he revealed he had been living as a beggar in the slums of Delhi to atone for killing the *mullah*. Now he had come to seek his father's forgiveness.

His father forgave him. But the British clapped him into jail, tried him for murder and sentenced him to death.

Then Zarak made a startling proposal. Death was too easy for so sinful a man, he said—why not let him redeem himself by fighting for the Allies against the Japanese?

This was mid-1942. The Jap invaders had speared to the eastern borders of India. In the north, German agitators had armed and roused Afghan tribesmen. A concerted drive was expected any day. But worried British officials had no way of knowing just where it would strike. In desperation, they took Zarak on his word, and sent him into Afghanistan as a spy.

Within a few weeks, the reformed bandit was back with the information the British so badly needed. He pinpointed the main concentration of tribesmen, and British warplanes were able to break up the Afghan attack before it ever got started.

Back over the mountain trails went Zarak, watching for new Afghan moves. For six months he

risked his life, ferreting out military secrets for the British, crossing and recrossing the border.

Finally, in 1943, Zarak was sent to Burma to join a mixed company of jungle commandos led by a little five-foot Scots captain named John "Shorty" Wallace. He and Zarak immediately took to each other, and Wallace taught him the art of jungle warfare. Zarak learned quickly—the hard way. Twice he was caught in Jap ambushes. Both times he fought his way out.

It was not long afterward—on April 6, 1943—that Zarak Khan redeemed much of his past life by an act of courage that, according to a British citation, "probably has no equal in the entire Burma campaign."

Zarak and a Gurkha runner had gone out on an overnight patrol



from a secondary base camp. When they returned they found that all but three of the 12 commandos had been killed. Two, both Gurkhas, were tied to trees. The Japs were using them for bayonet practice. Nearby, tightly bound, lay Captain Wallace. His turn was next.

Zarak told his runner to hurry to the company's main camp and bring help. Then, with his pistol, the Pathan began picking off the Japs. He killed six before he was wounded and overpowered. When he was dragged into the camp clearing, the Jap commander ordered him beheaded at once.

"That is a good quick way to die," said Zarak in English. "I thank you."

One of the Jap officers understood English. He interpreted for the commander, who sputtered out new orders.

"Now you, too, will be used for bayonet practice," the English-speaking officer told Zarak. "You brought it on yourself."

The Pathan shrugged. "I am already wounded. It will not take much to kill me—and to die by steel is an honorable death."

Zarak then turned and grinned at Captain Wallace. "In my country," he said, "we flay our enemies to death. But these yellow monkeys don't have the strength to do that."

The Jap officer, livid with rage, translated what Zarak had said. Whereupon the Jap commander

screamed, "Whip this dog to death!"

Zarak was stripped and suspended from a tree by his hands. Two of the huskiest Japs began to flay him with leather belts. The Pathan just laughed. One of the Japs reversed his belt and whipped the heavy buckle into Zarak's mouth, smashing his teeth. He still grinned.

After half an hour, the two Japs began to tire. Two others took their places, along with two more. The four beat and slashed at Zarak until his entire body was a bleeding mass of welts and bruises. But he was still conscious, and his eyes were mocking. Infuriated, the Jap commander grabbed one of the belts and lashed the Pathan's eyes with the buckle.

Sightless, Zarak was still able to mumble scornfully through bruised lips, "I live . . . I live . . ."

In fact, he lived through nearly two hours of that brutal, drawn-out execution. By then, as he had intended, the Gurkha runner had reached the main camp and returned with the entire commando company. The Japs were wiped out, and Captain Wallace was rescued.

But Zarak Khan—reformed bandit chief and gallant war hero—was dead.

He was buried on the site of his epic ordeal. "Shorty" Wallace scratched an epitaph on the headstone:

Greater love hath no man than this—That a man lay down his life for his friends . . .



Just A Suggestion

LET'S CROSS electric blankets with toasters and pop people out of bed.

—Wildrooter

"We're Battling the Mobsters in Our Union"



The author (*left*) with his chief ally, Peter Batalias.

Defying a ruthless labor czar, they risked their jobs and lives to seek a square deal for terrorized fellow workers

by WILLIAM WILKENS
As told to BERNARD BOOKBINDER

THERE WAS a sudden noise in the hotel room and I didn't realize at first that it was the telephone. I snapped on the bed lamp and looked at my watch. It was three A.M., Chicago time.

Pete Batalias stirred in the other bed. "Wait," he said, "knock for the boys." I knocked on the wall separating our room from the one occupied by our police bodyguards. There was a quick, reassuring sound

of movement from next door. I picked up the phone. "Hello," I said anxiously.

"Wilkens?" a man's voice asked. "That's right."

"You dirty ———. You left a wife and family at home and you better get back to them." Then I heard a click and the line was dead.

Three detectives were at my side. "Who was it? What did they say?"

Pete and I looked at each other,

scared stiff. I began to tremble, and with good reason.

A few days before, Pete Batalias and I had appeared on the radio in New York with labor columnist Victor Riesel. We had described in detail the hoodlumism, racketeering and corruption that existed in our union, Long Island Local 138 of the International Union of Operating Engineers (AFL-CIO). A few hours later, Victor lay blinded on a hospital bed, the victim of a vicious attack by an acid-thrower.

Now Pete and I were in Chicago at the union's international convention. We called ourselves reformers. Some of the newspapers called us rebels. The president of our local, ex-convict William C. DeKoning, Jr., had other names for us.

I'M A CRANE operator and a good union man. But I believe unions are supposed to protect their members, not take advantage of them. I believe a working man doesn't have to stop being an American citizen because he joins a union.

The New York suburban newspaper *Newsday*, published in Garden City, Long Island, won the Pulitzer Prize for 1953 by exposing DeKoning, Jr., and sending his father, William C. (Big Bill) DeKoning, Sr., to prison for extortion. But the DeKonings had remained firmly entrenched in their labor empire. Ruthless, cunning and ambitious, DeKoning, Sr., a ruddy-faced, bull-necked ex-construction worker, had muscled his way to the top of Long Island's construction and harness-racing unions until he dominated thousands of men in his own

locals and thousands more in allied fields. He was bold, tough and unscrupulous. And when he went to prison he brazenly turned over the reins of command to his son.

With the anonymous threat still in my ears, I called our New York attorney, William J. Keating, former assistant district attorney and counsel of the New York City Anti-Crime Committee. He said he would notify Long Island police to place our homes under guard.

Then he said to me, "Bill, you know you can forget about this whole thing. You have a family, and people will understand. Nobody will think you're a quitter."

I told Keating that I had spent 15 months in a Nazi prisoner of war camp. That I had been starved and beaten and spit on. And that when I came through it I just wanted the same things everyone wants: a good wife, a nice family and a decent job. I told him these were the things I fought for and that I wasn't going to let a bunch of racketeers ruin our lives.

Following my discharge after World War II, my brother Lou, a charter member and first president of Local 138, had taken me on as his helper, enrolled me as an apprentice engineer and soon got me a full-fledged union book.

My introduction to union meetings—DeKoning style—came as a shock. DeKoning, Sr., who learned how to run a union from notorious labor racketeer, Joey Fay, was the absolute ruler. No motions were made, no reports read, no questions raised, unless he so directed.

Votes were registered by voice—

or rather, shout. DeKoning would bark in his rasping voice, "All in favor?" and the hall would rock with "Ayes."

DeKoning dominated every meeting, DeKoning and fear. It was in the air at the union hall, at the picnics we were compelled to attend (at \$16 per couple), on the job. DeKoning decided who got union books and who kept them, who got which jobs.

I questioned my brother about it and Lou told me that there were a lot of things wrong in the union but that the time hadn't yet come to do anything about them. If the men were dissatisfied, they didn't mention it openly.

Then, in 1950, *Newsday* printed a series of articles telling in detail the conditions in our local and the threat DeKoning represented to decent labor organizations. One of the articles said the Labor Lyceum (our union hall, restaurant and bar which had been built by union members from materials donated by contractors) was deeded to DeKoning's wife, Rose. DeKoning had always told us the Lyceum was "ours" and would eventually become part of a "home for old engineers," so a few of the men asked him about the story.

"Are you gonna believe them or me?" he bellowed. There were no further questions.

I'll never forget what happened after my son Wayne was born. I was passing out cigars at the union meeting when DeKoning happened to walk by.

"Mr. DeKoning, have a cigar," I said. "My wife just had a son."

He took it from me, looked at the band, screwed up his nose in mock disgust and said, "El Cheapo." Then he tossed the cigar over his shoulder and roared with laughter. The men around us joined in and I felt small enough to crawl out underneath the door.

A visit to the Lyceum bar became standard practice after union meetings. When DeKoning signaled for adjournment, his henchmen filtered through the hall announcing, "Bill wants you to stop by for a drink." The drinks, of course, were on us. Investigations later revealed that DeKoning netted more than \$70,000 a year from the operation of the bar and restaurant.

The Lyceum also figured prominently in another aspect of what came to be known as "DeKoningism." In 1953, when my wife Ruthie was pregnant with our third child and I needed money badly, I got an extra job at Roosevelt Raceway, the night harness-racing track in Westbury, Long Island. DeKoning ran the union there, too.

I made \$9 a night collecting tickets at the gate. But after a few evenings, a DeKoning lieutenant told me to appear at the Lyceum that Friday night. I did, and found flunkies inside taking \$8 from each union member and \$12 from each couple while other henchmen checked our names off a list. I was told I'd be expected back every week during the summer racing season.

I felt sick. The \$8 which had been extorted from me would have bought a quart of milk a day for a month. What was I doing? Did I have to pay off a union leader in



William C. DeKoning (*left*) and his son, William, Jr. (*right*), are rulers of Long Island Local 138, International Union of Operating Engineers. The elder DeKoning is a protégé of long-time labor racketeer, Joey Fay (*far right*), who, as czar of eastern building trades, taught DeKoning his ruthless methods.

order to work? I talked it over with Ruthie and decided to find another night job.

Later that summer, Yonkers Raceway union boss Tommy Lewis, DeKoning's counterpart at that track, was murdered and the newspapers called for an investigation of harness racing in New York State. Prodded by *Newsday*, the Long Island district attorney's office obtained an indictment against DeKoning, his son and a dozen lieutenants on extortion, coercion and grand larceny charges. The DeKonings pleaded guilty to a few counts and were sentenced. Indictments against the rest were dropped.

But the convictions did not end DeKoning's domination of our union. He simply turned over control to his "enforcers," the henchmen who had been indicted with him. Psychologically, however, the oppressing fear was lessened. Lou

and I agreed that if the rank and file members were ever to gain their rights they would have to do it before DeKoning's 18-month sentence was up.

At our June, 1954, meeting, one of the most popular and experienced business agents was elected by the membership to remain in office. But at the next meeting not a word of it appeared in the minutes kept by a DeKoning stooge. The members shouted their disapproval. Officers were criticized and the secretary was accused of miswriting the minutes. It appeared as if the bonds had been broken.

After the meeting, Lou and I got together with several other engineers we felt we could trust, and the reform group was born.

During the next few months, we contacted the newspapers and gained promises of support. We also obtained legal counsel and drew up a

12-point program calling for such basic rights as secret ballot elections, extension of voting rights to all members, regular financial reports, equal distribution of work and an end to one-man rule.

Despite our efforts to conceal the identities of reform group members, DeKoning's henchmen learned who we were. At two o'clock one morning, I was awakened by the telephone. A voice said, "You lousy kraut, you surrendered to the Germans and you'd better surrender to us." At three o'clock, another ring. "Smarten up and stop fighting DeKoning. You can only get your brains beaten in."

For weeks the calls continued and our home became a cage of terror. We appealed to the police for protection and they sent patrol cars by the house periodically.

Other members of the reform group were being subjected to similar pressures, but we kept up our demands to give the rank and file a greater voice.

Meanwhile, it became increasingly difficult for us to find work. Under our shape-up system, DeKoning's lieutenants handed out the job assignments. When a member of the reform group sought work at the union hall, he was cursed and told that nothing was available.

At one meeting, while Pete was speaking, eight goons picked him up bodily, punched him in the groin and threw him out of the Lyceum. The police were called and, after taking Pete to the hospital, arrested the suspects.

The district attorney charged the goons with assault and brought

them to trial. On the stand, they denied any role in the beating and were supported by a dozen stooges who swore that no crime had been committed. Only a handful of witnesses, including Pete and me, stood up publicly and told the real story. The jury, evidently convinced by the mass denials, voted acquittal.

With incredible brazenness, DeKoning, Jr., who was back as president after serving a year's probation for coercion, charged Pete and me with having "brought the union into disrepute" through our testimony. Then he sat as our "judge" at a union "trial," found us guilty, fined us \$750 and \$650, respectively, and barred us from meetings for five years.

The effect was devastating. It showed the very men whose support we needed that nothing had changed during DeKoning's exile from Long Island, that defiance of DeKoning still brought punishment.

But we had to keep fighting. We went to Washington in October, 1955, and appeared before the International's executive board. The

Victor Riesel, who was blinded by an acid tosser shortly after Wilkens and Batalias were on radio program with him.



board heard our appeal, reduced the fines to \$100 each, but continued the suspensions.

DeKoning, Jr., and his underlings were flushed with confidence. There were no jobs for us, they said, and there would never be any as long as we challenged their leadership. So we went out looking for employment on our own, and found our most potent weapon: Local 138 was permitting certain favored contractors to get away with wholesale violations of the union contract, while working conditions were enforced to the letter on others. In dozens of cases, we discovered that "pet" construction firms were using one engineer to do the jobs of two or three.

When we called these instances to the attention of our union officials and they told us to mind our own business, we reported our findings to the National Labor Relations Board. Its investigators confirmed our reports and the NLRB filed a complaint against both the union and the contractors' association, charging the employers with dominating the union and conspiring with the union to discriminate against us because of our reform activities.

But the threats and intimidation of reform members continued.

Only hours after the labor columnist Victor Riesel was attacked with acid following our appearance on his radio program, Pete and I went to Chicago for our final appeal before the union's international convention. As we anticipated, our plea for the lifting of our suspensions was denied. But we did succeed in focusing national attention on the injustices and corruption that have typified our union.

Although our fight is far from won, we aren't going to give up. Things are looking brighter now. In a preliminary report filed in June, the NLRB examiner ruled that members of our union do not need "clearance" by the local in order to be hired.

If upheld, this decision could well break DeKoning's strangle hold and open the door for rank and filers in other unions to overthrow the racketeers who rule them. In Washington, Congressional committees, provoked by the attack on Riesel, have indicated interest in investigating the domination of thousands of union men by a few corrupt leaders.

I know now that we are going to win. But maybe that's not the most important thing. Maybe the biggest fight for us—and for everyone—is the fight against fear. And I've won that.

©©©© Taxes! Taxes! Taxes! \$\$\$ \$

THE THING generally raised on city land is taxes.

—C. D. WARNER

WE ARE AFRAID the government has forgotten where it put the hidden taxes.

—RAYMOND DUNCAN, Ellaville (Georgia) Sun

ABOUT THE ONLY PERSON going easy on the taxpayer's money these days is the taxpayer. He has to.

—General Features Corp.

TRAFFIC TRAPS:

by PETER WYDEN

The out-of-town motorist is the principal victim. And he's frequently delayed, bullied and jailed. Often when he's fined, the penalty so far exceeds the crime that it smacks of holdup

LATE LAST Christmas Eve, Robert C. Wilson, a former foreign correspondent, was driving north on Highway US-27 near Tavares, Florida. He had been on vacation and was due back in Washington on Monday.

The night was clear, the road deserted, and Wilson's convertible was doing about 70 miles an hour when he was stopped by a pair of local police officers.

"That'll cost you \$200," he was told.

When Wilson said he didn't have \$200 with him, he was taken over back-country roads to a dingy combination jail and courthouse and informed that he would have to produce \$200 bond money or await trial in jail until the following Tuesday. He was permitted to phone a local bondsman, only to learn that he lacked adequate security for a bond.

Toward 4 A.M., an officer finally asked, "How much *can* you pay?"

Wilson, who had been standing up all this time because there were no chairs for "foreigners," had \$113. The officer took \$100, called the local judge—who just happened to be available to okay the release of such culprits—and turned Wilson out into the night without directions.

"You don't treat a murderer like that," he comments bitterly. "It was a flagrant case of trapping the tourist."

Wilson concedes he drove too fast but considers \$100

a pretty stiff penalty. Yet, since he could neither afford to wait, nor return for trial three days later, that is what it cost him.

More than 20,000,000 U.S. motorists get in trouble annually for traffic offenses. If you are one of them, your treatment could easily be similar—or worse, especially if you happen to be caught in certain types of traffic traps that spring up here and there, predominantly (but by no means exclusively) in the Southeast and Midwest.

NO ONE condones speeding or other dangerous driving practices. But to be delayed, mulcted, threatened, even roughed up by a local constable, or fined unjustly and exorbitantly in the kangaroo court of a semi-literate justice of the peace—it is frequently unnecessary to commit any offense endangering anybody. The files of the American Automobile Association's Washington headquarters are loaded with complaints from tourists whose chief sin consisted of passing through communities suffering from anemic finances.

As a result, the AAA recently instituted a new warning service. Along with the traditional information on detours and other hazards of the road, they now report to their travel counselors all localities where unrealistically low speed limits are enforced with a vengeance, or where unconventional ordinances are employed in order to trip up out-of-town drivers.

"We want to tip our members off to communities known to be overzealous in getting money into the

local treasury," says Elmer Jenkins, head of the AAA's National Touring Board.

This zeal for revenue, without which some arresting officers might miss future paychecks, has sparked considerable ingenuity. At some spots along US-41 through Kentucky, until not long ago, you could be arrested for crossing a yellow line in the center of the highway. The trouble was that so many had crossed the line that it was no longer visible.

A southern Illinois hamlet used to arrest motorists for failure to halt their cars with the front wheels flush with a stop sign. In Georgia and elsewhere, some towns will nab you for exceeding speed limits in school zones where no schools or children are in sight; or near schools long after classes have let out. School busses, justifiably the objects of strict rules for passing drivers, can be effective decoys for speed trappers.

Enforcing city-sized speed limits in the country is another popular trick. Cities like Conneaut, Ohio, and Ludowici, Georgia, long were hotbeds of complaints because local officers enforced low speed limits in areas that were legally within the confines of the communities but actually extended for miles beyond built-up sections. Quite a few towns still find this a convenient money-raising technique.

"Nothing illegal about it," fumes an AAA spokesman. "It's just a dirty trick."

Today, electronics lends the trappers a helping hand. Near Allen, Michigan, for example, on US-112 halfway between Detroit and Chi-

cago, the AAA recently reported a "speedwatch" device hauling in tourists who had just passed an inconspicuous "City Limits, 40 Miles per Hour" sign on the brow of a hill. Almost every driver started tooling downhill before he had a chance to slow down. It was an open—and successful—invitation to break the law.

Radar, now in use in all 48 states (the Federal Communications Commission has licensed 1,398 sets), measures speeds accurately, and is an important adjunct in traffic studies. It has helped ground many a dangerous driver. But sometimes radar is used unscrupulously by small towns to enforce ridiculous speed limits—such as 25 miles an hour—along sparsely settled four-lane highways. Others spot the set at the bottom of hills.

Most states require that signs be posted warning drivers that radar might be used against them. But often the sets and the officers who operate them are not in view, a tactic that strikes many Americans as underhanded. Some experts also consider it needless.

"If the officers that are hidden in the woods were used to patrol the roads in plainly marked cars there would be fewer accidents," says G. Wise Wescott, executive vice-president of the Virginia Automobile Club.

Staunton, Virginia, in the picturesque Shenandoah Valley, arrested 96 drivers for speeding in 1953. The following year it purchased a \$600 radar unit. Arrests shot up to 947 and police court revenue from \$26,270 to \$40,600. Last year, 1,075 ar-

rests were made, many of them among tourists travelling on popular Route 11.

AAA investigators found that the speed limit there dropped suddenly from 55 to 35 while cars were still passing through rural scenery; and that the radar set often operated near the 35-mile sign.

Finally, the auto club put up its own sign: "Warning, Speed Limit Rigidly Enforced—AAA." And the Chamber of Commerce persuaded authorities to give motorists fair warning well ahead of the approaching drop in the speed limit. But it took months of campaigning until the change was finally brought about.

Almost invariably, it is the passing stranger who is victimized in traffic traps while the local driver, whose vote might put the sheriff out of his lucrative business, goes unmolested. In the case of one notorious Florida trap, independent accountants auditing receipts of fines found that 90 per cent of the catch consisted of out-of-towners. A Kentucky trap, only recently cleaned up, was estimated to have done 95 per cent of its business with "foreigners."

Once caught in a traffic trap's web, your troubles have barely begun. A Pennsylvania motorist told the AAA, for instance, that at a whistlestop in Indiana he was charged with violating the center line of the highway and taken before a justice of the peace. Suddenly and mysteriously, the charge was changed to "failed to stop at stop sign." The fine was \$1, but "costs," including fees for numerous functionaries not present or connected

with the case, added another \$15.25.

Such arithmetic is common. Zareh Sarkisian, a Dearborn, Michigan, designer of automotive parts who was arrested last year near a tiny town in North Carolina for driving 65 in a 60-mile zone, paid \$13.30 in costs. Among the items: a "special tax" (\$2), "recorder's court tax" (\$10), "law library" (\$1). He also handed over \$5 for a local lawyer he had not wanted, and fees for two witnesses. Mr. Sarkisian was lucky: he received an itemized bill and even a \$3.70 refund on his \$35 bond.

In many such cases, however, there are no charges, tickets or receipts (if you ask for one, you are apt to be considered a "wise guy" and fined additionally). Your "trial," if there is one, may take place in a general store, at the roadside, in a gas station or even before a J.P. doing his chores on a tractor.

Haggling is common in some areas. A motorist accused of doing 70 in a southern state was fined \$70 plus \$22.07 costs by a J.P. who settled for \$57.07. Conceivably, he might have taken less.

The shocking facts about the J.P.s, who still handle a good-sized percentage of the nation's traffic cases, confirm this charge. Probably, more than 98 per cent of all defendants brought before these 30,000-odd judges are found guilty. The majority operate under the discredited "fee system," meaning that they earn nothing unless they bring in business. And, in some states, they collect their fees only if they find you guilty.

Many constables also get most of their revenue from fees. One, in

Levy County, Florida, where the speed-trap racket was broken up only after the sheriff was removed from office, earned \$900 a month. Fines and forfeited bonds accounted for more than one-fifth of the county's total receipts.

A Missouri constable is credited with this classic observation when he brought in a tourist to his J.P. early one morning: "Well, Judge, here is ham and eggs for breakfast!"

CONSCIENTIOUS officials are cracking down on these practices. The Kentucky legislature, for one, lately reduced J.P. fees in traffic cases from \$6 to 50 cents. But the best results have come in pioneering states like Missouri and New Jersey where the system of J.P. courts has been scrapped and trained salaried judges have taken their place.

The prodding of the AAA and the American Bar Association also has helped improve things. The Colorado AAA, for instance, found it useful in extreme cases to park a club vehicle on the outskirts of an offending community. The car bore a large sign: "This Town Is a Speed Trap."

This sort of publicity is effective because it puts pressure on local businesses—motels, restaurants and others—who are anxious to cash in on their share of the \$11,200,000,000 which 72,000,000 persons in 24,000,000 cars will spend this year while vacationing on wheels.

Still, new traps can be expected along the highways this fall and winter. Some of them will be difficult to detect. New Mexico, for example, uses cars with out-of-state

license plates, which has caused cynics to edit the state slogan, "Land of Enchantment," to read "Land of Entrapment."

But there are certain clues to these speed traps that you should look for while driving away from home. Any of the following could mean that you are passing through one: warning posters put up by the AAA; inconspicuous or shoddy road signs; dim, hard-to-see traffic lights in out-of-the-way places; excessively low speed limits where road and traffic conditions do not warrant them; sudden reduction in posted speed limits, especially in rural areas; "city limits" signs miles away from densely populated spots.

How can you avoid traps? AAA experts have these two suggestions:

1) Observe all traffic signs faithfully at all times, but especially while away from home.

2) As soon as you enter a new state, stop at the first restaurant or filling station and ask if there are any places down the road that follow soak-the-stranger policies or enforce peculiar local laws. Local people usually know of such pitfalls.

What to do when you're caught in a trap? The experts suggest:

1) Don't be in too much of a hurry to get away. It may make matters more costly.

2) Be polite. Controversy can be expensive.

3) Don't pay at the roadside to "save a trip into town." The man who arrests you is not the man who should take your money.

4) If you can't pay what is demanded, empty your pockets and explain that this is all you have. The judge often has wide latitude and may reduce the fine or bond. Some J.P.s may accept watches or other valuables instead of cash, but it is best not to travel with less than \$50 in cash.

5) After you have been released, collect all the influential local names you can: the mayor, the editor of the paper, Chamber of Commerce officials, owners of hotels, motels and others interested in tourist trade. Write a letter to each, relating your experience; and notify the AAA. This will make you feel better. It can also start more action against the meanest racket on our roads.



Party Pleasantries



AT A DINNER PARTY several doting mothers were discussing their children's illnesses with the guest of honor, a noted pediatrician. One mother asked, "Doctor, what do you find to be the principal ailment of children?"

The doctor considered the question, then answered gravely, "Mothers, madam."

—Gay Atlanta

SONJA HENIE once attended a party in the Lone Star State wearing more than a million dollars' worth of diamonds. However, a Texan pointed her out to his colleagues by saying: "Miss Henie is the one with the deep sun-tan."

—LEONARD LYONS

It Buzzes Away the Bulges

by RALPH BASS

While this new electronic device does your exercise for you, you keep losing inches without moving a muscle

THIS WAS important to her, very important. She stepped gingerly on the bathroom scales and watched the needle spin round the dial, jiggle back and forth, stop. She breathed a little sigh of relief—she had lost ten pounds!

She took the new size-12 dress from its hanger, slipped it over her head and smoothed it snugly down about her hips. Then she grasped the side zipper and tugged. Half way up it stuck. She took a deep breath, and ran it up the rest of the way.

Then she sat down and wept. In spite of all the dieting, that bulge around her middle was still there. No use trying to get her old modeling job back now . . .

Though everyone knows that dieting will remove weight, most of us—like the disappointed model—have to learn the hard way that it

usually won't remove unsightly bulges, or pull together slack and flabby muscles. Only exercise will do that. And often that exercise arouses such a ferocious appetite that we put the weight all back on again, and a bit besides. Sometimes the effort can even be dangerous to health.

But electronics engineers have now come up with a solution to the problem. It is an ingenious little gadget which, amazingly, allows you to take the exercise you need, at home, lying down and completely without effort. You can read a book, smoke a cigarette, doze—and exercise without moving a muscle yourself. And it doesn't increase your appetite.

Thanks to William J. Browner, an electrical engineer, people with stubborn figure problems—too much

here, not enough there; places where dieting has left flabby flesh—can remedy the situation by means of a machine called the Relaxacizor.

It resembles a portable radio, weighs about nine pounds and can be had with an assortment of body belts, round rubber pads four inches in diameter, straps and wires. The user simply selects the target—abdomen, thighs, arms, legs, chin or neck—makes the necessary attachments, turns on the switch and the desired muscles start a rhythmic contracting and relaxing at the rate of 40 times to the minute.

THE STORY of this electronic exerciser goes back to 1938 when Browner, while experimenting on equipment for certain muscular diseases and conditions, developed a new electrical impulse called a peak wave.

This differed radically from the galvanic wave and the sine wave. The former, when applied to a motor point on a muscle, caused it to contract and stay contracted. The latter undulated the muscle but was generally accompanied by uncomfortable shocking and grabbing sensations.

But the peak wave, as Browner adapted it to the cumbersome device which later became the Relaxacizor, induced a quick, sharp contraction with a strong tingling or buzzing sensation followed by a second or so of quiet and relaxation.

He tried it on his own then-paunchy waistline and was more than gratified with the results. Seeing a cosmetic possibility in the device, he interested Burton Skiles, a

Los Angeles beauty salon owner, in installing a machine in his salon. Its success and popularity with Skiles' patrons was equally gratifying. But treatments given in the salon were inconvenient and relatively expensive and Skiles suggested that Browner develop a small unit suitable for home use.

They incorporated. But Pearl Harbor put priorities on certain metals necessary in the machine's manufacture and the company had to sit out the war before it could get sufficient material to go into full-scale production. Today, the company has more than 800 people in its nation-wide organization, some of them former Relaxacizor users whose enthusiasm took on a form of dedication.

A degree in electronics is not necessary to operate this amazing little device. Trained consultants brief users, with the help of a handy body chart, on the motor points where pads or belts should be placed to exercise certain sets of muscles. Cords carrying the electronic impulses are clipped onto the pads, the dial set at the degree of strength and depth desired, and you flip on the switch.

With the dials set high, an hour with the Relaxacizor gives muscles exercise equivalent to a round of golf, a five-mile walk or an afternoon on horseback. Half an hour a day for a month or two usually brings most shapes to the desired size. Once or twice a week thereafter is generally enough to keep them that way.

More than 100,000 men and women have taken advantage of this painless and fatigueless way to

trim body measurements and restore muscle tone.

According to researchers, the thighs are the hardest to reduce, the abdomen easiest. In between come hips and buttocks. Recently, a testing bureau gave daily Relaxacizor treatments to 17 housewives for a period of a month. Of these, eight lost from half an inch to four inches at the waist, and the same amount at the lower hips. Five lost from one to five inches at the abdomen. Two lost up to two inches above the waist

and six averaged somewhat better than an inch lost from the thighs.

While the Relaxacizor is probably most popular with women, businessmen plagued with modern-day tensions have found that, with the dials turned low, they receive the equivalent of a gentle rhythmic massage which won't do much for the figure but is as soothing as a warm bath.

All of which seems to indicate that today, with the help of electronics, you can eat your pie and have it, too—but not where you don't want it.



Ingenious Explanations

A YOUNG LADY in a Louisville bookstore asked for a copy of George Bernard Shaw's classic, *Man and Superman*. "Look over yonder, Honey," the clerk counseled. "We keep all of our Superman books in the adventure-comic section." —Quote

WHILE VISITING a neighbor I noticed a small gong near her telephone. When I inquired as to its purpose she told me: "When people phone me and talk too long I just sound the gong and say, 'Excuse me, there's that bell. I'd better go.'"

—BEVERLY GAMBLE

ON A CARIBBEAN TRIP, I was surprised to see native boys shucking their clothes for both work and play. A much traveled friend explained: "Yes, some of the British dependencies tried to cope with the problem by passing a law requiring everyone to wear at least one article of clothing. The natives promptly complied. They wore hats."

—ELIZABETH PEPPER

THE LAWN of a house occupied by a husband and wife, their five children and St. Bernard dog was a popular play place for neighborhood children of all the age groups represented by the family. One day a city inspector rang the doorbell and said sternly: "We hear you are running a kindergarten here. Have you a license for what you are doing?"

"I certainly have," the busy mother answered brightly. "A marriage license."

—MRS. SID LEWMAN

IN AN AMSTERDAM MUSEUM there is a book in which visitors sign their names and record relevant data. Recently the following entry was noted, under the heading, Reason for Visit: "It was raining outside."

—FRANK FORDE

LINKED LOCALES

CAN arithmetic help solve geography problems? In this game, yes, says Quizmaster Jane Pickens, star of her own show over the NBC Radio Network (Thursdays, 10:30-11 P.M., EDT). Below she lists American places with names composed of two different ideas. Add the requested definitions together: deer+water crossing=HART-FORD. Jane supplies states as clues. (Answers on page 142)

1. Between dawn and sunset + weight measure = ———, Ohio.
2. Season + meadow = ———, Mass.
3. Tree + swift currents = ———, Iowa.
4. Recent + Noah's refuge = ———, N. J.
5. A conjunction + people = ———, Va.
6. Stylish + time past = ———, Ill.
7. Male + man's name = ———, N. H.
8. Month + an article = ———, Ga.
9. A span + a harbor = ———, Conn.
10. Point of the compass + a fruit = ———, N. J.
11. Precious + née = ———, Mich.
12. A liquid + entomb = ———, Conn.
13. Head covering + father = ———, Fla.
14. Small + mass of stone = ———, Ark.
15. Child's glass toy + part of the body = ———, Mass.
16. A conjunction + writing instrument = ———, Colo.
17. Body of water + grove of trees = ———, N. J.
18. A banner + group of employees = ———, Ariz.
19. Loud noise + a conjunction = ———, Me.
20. To obstruct + a musical note = ———, Vt.
21. Girl's name + Roman wearing apparel = ———, N. Y.
22. Color + an inlet = ———, Wisc.
23. Paper that copies + glen = ———, Ill.
24. Antlered animal + a vowel = ———, Nev.
25. Greek warrior + nickname for a town = ———, S. C.
26. A preposition + fowl = ———, Ga.
27. Girl's name + a shaded walk = ———, Mich.
28. School cheer + route = ———, N. J.
29. Italian river + a girl's name = ———, Calif.

The Spectacular New Technique That Brings "Dead" Heart Victims Back to Life

by CALVIN KYTLE

TO ALL the other happy prophecies for the year 2000, you can now add this one: many people who drop dead from heart attacks will be brought back to life, as often and as routinely as drowning victims are resuscitated today.

The man who says so is Dr. Claude S. Beck, professor of cardiovascular surgery at Western Reserve University in Cleveland, Ohio.

Beck pioneered in heart massage, an accepted if not yet universally practiced method of restoring life to persons who "die" suddenly on operating tables. A tough-minded, plain-speaking man, he insists that it is only a matter of time until the technique is advanced to the point where it can be used by trained rescue squads wherever people "die" of heart attacks—on golf courses, at race tracks, in office buildings, in hotels, even in homes.

The fact that, as currently carried out in hospitals, the procedure requires the bold use of a surgeon's knife, a mechanical respirator and an electronic apparatus called a defibrillator doesn't inhibit Beck at all.

"Any intelligent layman can learn to massage a heart," he says matter-of-factly. "As for the equipment—it'll be simplified."

Beck and his associates at Cleveland's Lakeside Hospital have already proven that the technique need not be limited to persons stricken in operating rooms.

One night, Dr. Albert T. Ransone, 65, a general practitioner in Cleveland, suffered sharp, suffocative pains in his chest. He diagnosed them as angina pectoris. Next morning he went to the hospital for an electrocardiogram. It showed a damaged heart.

The test over, he went down to

A man is not irreversibly dead because his heart stops beating, say these noted doctors. They foresee the day when rescue squads with mobile equipment will be on duty everywhere—at golf courses, race tracks, in office buildings—to restore life to persons who “die” of certain types of cardiac seizures

the hospital traffic office to ask for a parking permit. There, at 12:55 p.m., he dropped dead.

Two minutes later, Ransone was rushed into an emergency operating room in the nearby accident ward. What is probably the nation's most expert resuscitation team—Dr. Beck, Dr. Elden C. Weckesser and Dr. Frank M. Barry—went to work on him.

Ransone's flesh was blue. He had no blood pressure and no pulse. Five minutes without oxygen and his brain would die. At this point, the team had—at most—three minutes left.

They didn't take time to undress Ransone, or even wash their own hands. They ripped off his shirt, then spent two minutes giving artificial respiration and introducing oxygen through a face mask. Then they plunged a needle into his heart,

hoping to detect a beat. There was none.

Now, decisively, the surgeon slit open Ransone's chest on the left side between the ribs, cut the cartilages and thrust his hand through to the heart. To do this took between 10 and 20 seconds.

At 1:00 p.m.—exactly five minutes after Ransone's collapse—heart massage began. The team kept it up intermittently—squeeze, relax, squeeze, relax; the hand under the heart, pressing against the breastbone—for 25 minutes.

By this time, even though clinically Ransone was still dead, the emergency was over. His lungs were receiving oxygen and the hand-pressed heart was carrying oxygenated blood to his brain. This way, the brain could be kept alive indefinitely.

At 1:03, to get oxygen directly into Ransone's lungs, the oxygen

mask was removed and a tube inserted in his windpipe. The skin color began to improve. He took an occasional breath on his own.

Beck could now afford to reflect on what was happening. Ransone's heart was quivering violently. Obviously, he had a case of ventricular fibrillation, the worse of the two forms of heart stoppage and the most difficult to cope with. The heart's sinus node, which coordinates the electrical impulses that cause millions of muscle fibers to contract in unison, had lost control. As a result, the fibers were contracting anywhere from 500 to 50,000 times a minute—much too fast to pump any blood unassisted.

For its regular beat to be restored, the heart would first have to be shocked to a standstill. Beck asked for the defibrillator. He was handed two foot-long wands at the end of which were metal electrodes equipped with suction cups about the size of soup spoons.

At 1:05, Ransone's heart was given its first electric shock. No response. Two more shocks at 1:08 were similarly unsuccessful.

Now, while the heart continued to be emptied by hand, the pericardium—the fiber-like bag enclosing the heart—was opened, allowing the doctors to confirm with their eyes what they had diagnosed earlier by feel. The ventricles, the lower chambers, were trembling like an angry bed of worms.

Beck gave the heart two more shocks. These also were unsuccessful. The three doctors eyed each other apprehensively. Then one of them noted that the electrodes were

wrapped in gauze and that the gauze was dry. Insufficient current had been entering the heart.

Quickly the electrodes were wet with saline solution. This time the shock delivered three amperes through the heart for two seconds. The fibrillation stopped. The heart began a coordinated beat. Beads of perspiration appeared on Ransone's forehead. Precisely at 1:25, he began to live again.

At eight the next morning, Ransone was observed to make a few conscious responses. At noon, he spoke words. For a few days he was somewhat confused and disoriented, but then began to improve steadily. After 11 days, he was discharged and shortly thereafter returned to his medical practice.

"As far as I know," Ransone says today, "I'm as good now as before my attack. The only thing, I can't seem to recall what happened to me for about 36 hours, beginning a few hours before I collapsed. Believe me, though, I'm not worrying about that."

WHAT are the chances of someday applying these same techniques to people who die of heart attacks outside the hospital?

It is mostly a matter of having trained personnel with the right equipment at the right place at the right time.

Beck insists that no medical or nursing degree is required to do resuscitation. To prove it, he has on occasion invited laymen—including *this* layman—to attend his special two-day postgraduate course. Along with the surgeons, interns and anes-

thetists in the class, the layman is required to successfully bring a dog's heart out of the ventricular fibrillation at least once. Nobody has flunked yet.

If, after that, the layman still looks skeptical—as *this* one did—Beck adopts an expressive scowl that somehow combines the rebuke of a top sergeant with the inspirational challenge of a missionary.

"Of course you could cut open a dead man's chest," he says, as if reading your mind. "It's simple. There's no blood pressure, consequently no bleeding."

Neither, says Beck, is it necessary that resuscitation remain dependent on the heavy, expensive equipment now found only in hospitals. Defibrillators can be improvised from two ordinary boudoir lamps. A portable one-pound pocket-sized respirator is already on the market.

All this considered, Beck is confident that, in time, mobile resuscitation kits, with squads trained to use them, will become standard equipment in the offices of hotel physicians, in community first-aid stations, factory and business health centers, and other selective emergency set-ups.

His concern, however, is only partly with developing resuscitation techniques for the future. Even more important in his mind is the need to get surgeons now—*today*—to use the techniques already developed and proven feasible.

Heart massage was first successfully used on a human being in 1902. Forty-eight years later, the total number of resuscitation attempts in all medical literature was 150; and

it has been only in the past few years that some medical schools have started to teach the technique.

This, despite the fact that cardiac arrest is the one operating-room tragedy that every surgeon and anesthesiologist is sure to face at least once in his career. Although estimates vary, hospital records show that the crisis occurs, at a minimum, once in every 2,000 operations.

In the vast majority of cases, the victims do not recover. Even today there are less than 1,000 successful resuscitations a year. The reason, of course, is that most surgeons still do not know the technique. If they did, Dr. Robert M. Hosler, Beck's associate at his heart laboratory, believes that over 50 per cent of the operating-room casualties could be rescued.

"We've got to stop thinking that simply because the heart has ceased beating a man is irreversibly dead," Hosler says. "A surgeon has as much obligation to try cardiac massage on a supposedly dead patient as he has to try to stop a hemorrhage."

Any one of a score of things can cause cardiac arrest—anemia, anxiety, obstruction of the windpipe, the patient's position on the operating table, his unexpected sensitivity to certain anesthetic drugs or to drugs in combination. Ultimately, though, the cause is a lack of oxygen in the vital tissues.

Usually, the heart itself is not damaged. Because of electrical instability, it has simply been brought to a standstill or sent into ventricular fibrillation.

In either case, the normal heart wants to beat again and will do so if given another chance. Sometimes

reviving it is as easy as restarting a pendulum. Cases are on record where hearts have been brought out of standstill merely by the prick of a needle.

The trouble is that the average surgeon, encountering his first case of cardiac arrest, freezes in panic. And the nature of the crisis is such that, if the patient is to be revived, the surgeon must act with the swiftness of a reflex.

For this reason, Beck and Hosler urge that hospitals plan for such catastrophes and that their staffs hold annual "fire drills"—practice sessions on a dog's heart.

Nothing demonstrates more dramatically the value of such sessions than the experiences of persons who have taken the short course in cardiac resuscitation at Western Reserve. In answer to a questionnaire from Hosler, 85 of 276 graduates reported that they had had occasion to use resuscitation procedures since taking the course. Of these, 44 said their efforts had been successful.

Perhaps most significant of all, 206, or 74.6 per cent, are now working in hospitals where routine programs for the prevention and management of cardiac arrest are being carried out.

Begun in 1950 under sponsorship of the Cleveland Heart Society, the course was the first of its kind. Although classes are held only once a month and are limited to 20 medical people, their influence has extended far beyond Cleveland. By now there are some thousand-odd graduates, from 31 different countries. Many of them have set up similar courses in their own universities.

Thus the gospel is being spread, though not nearly fast enough to suit Beck.

"The time should be past when we surgeons call on someone else—the fire department, for instance—to handle our emergencies," he says grimly. "Every surgeon who operates should be familiar with these resuscitation methods. We owe it to society."

A Word on Baritones



A BARITONE was shouting his way through a rehearsal of the opera "Carmen." Sir Thomas Beecham, the noted conductor, endured the bellowing as long as he could. Finally, he interrupted: "Will you please remember that you were engaged for the role of the toreador—not to play the bull."

—*Artist Life*

A TEXAN who had just arrived in heaven was dumbfounded to find that there was no choir. He took it up immediately with Saint Peter. "We ought to have the biggest choir ever known. Let's make it 1,000 sopranos, 1,000 contraltos and 1,000 tenors."

"Fine," said Saint Peter, "but what about baritones?"

"Oh," said the Texan, "I'll sing baritone myself."—*The Houston Post*



It was even wilder than the joke about our lunar neighbor being made of green cheese. But New Yorkers swallowed it—until a reporter talked

by JOHN MALONEY

TUCKED AWAY on page two of the *New York Sun* of August 21, 1835, was this announcement in the quaint newspaper prose of the day: "CELESTIAL DISCOVERIES . . . We have just learned that Sir John Herschel has made discoveries of the most wonderful description by means of an immense telescope of an entirely new principle. Details are forthcoming."

Four days later, the *Sun* hit the streets with this headline on its front page:

GREAT ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES
MADE BY SIR JOHN HERSCHEL

By evening, all New York was excited. For Sir John Herschel was the most celebrated astronomer of his time. He had gone to South Africa the year before to establish an observatory near Cape Town, and until now little had been heard from him.

Benjamin H. Day, the 25-year-old founder and editor of the *Sun*, explained his paper's stupendous "scoop" by stating that "a medical gentleman from Scotland had brought to New York copies of a new Supplement of the *Edinburgh Journal of Science* and that the *Sun* would do a series of articles based on its report of the startling discoveries made through Sir John's revolutionary telescope.

Most of the first article was devoted to a detailed description of the telescope, said to weigh 15,000 pounds and have a 24-foot lens with a magnifying power of 42,000 times; and to background material on Sir John and his previous work.

The following afternoon, a crowd was eagerly waiting outside the two-

year-old *Sun's* printing plant at Nassau and Spruce streets to buy papers as soon as they rolled off its patched-up press. No one was disappointed.

Sir John's first glimpse of the moon through his telescope, the second article stated, "sharply brought into view lunar vegetation clearly demonstrating that the satellite has an atmosphere similiar to our own, and therefore is capable of sustaining animal life."

The astronomer, the *Sun* revealed, was viewing the moon as he would terrestrial objects from a distance of 100 yards and dictating these words to trembling assistants, all fully aware that they might assume a greater place in science than that held by Galileo:

"In the shade of woods we beheld herds of brown quadrupeds with characteristics of the bison, but more diminutive than any in our natural history. They have the semicircular horns, the hump on their shoulders, and the shaggy hair of their earthly counterparts."

When clouds obscured the view, it seemed, Sir John and his party took time out to toss off "congratulatory bumpers of the best 'East India particular' while they waited for the atmosphere to clear." When it did, more startling lunar wonders were seen.

These included a goatlike animal with a single horn, a river dotted with lovely islands on which was "a strange amphibious creature of spherical form which rolled with great velocity across the pebbly beach" and disappeared in the strong current.

The *Sun* was sold out within half an hour after the presses stopped, and groups could be seen standing on street corners, papers in hand, learnedly discussing the possible outcome of Sir John's discoveries. In drawing rooms, the moon superseded everything else as conversational material.

UP TO THIS TIME, New York's ten other newspapers had fought Editor Day's struggling young publication as a presumptuous upstart, and no holds barred. But the "scoop" forced their grudging admiration.

The *New-York Daily Advertiser* admitted: "No article has appeared for years that will command so general a perusal and publication. Sir John has added a stock of knowledge to the present age that will immortalize his name and place it high on the page of science."

The third installment of this scientific "find" introduced new regions of the moon, new trees and plants and a biped beaver.

The beaver, indeed, was remarkable as it had no tail and walked upon only two feet. "It carries its young in its arms like a human being. Its huts are constructed better than those of many tribes of human savages and, from the appearance of smoke in all of them, there is no doubt of its being acquainted with fire."

In three days, prosperity had come to the *Sun*. On August 28, Mr. Day announced that it had achieved the largest circulation of any daily in the world—a total of 19,360, as against the 17,000 circulation of the

London *Times*. The presses were running ten hours out of 24 in order to satisfy the unprecedented demand.

Quite naturally the public was reasoning: if there are lunar animals, then there must be lunar men. There were. The next article found the astronomers looking upon cliffs and crags of a new part of the moon.

"While gazing upon these heights in a perspective of about half a mile we perceived three flocks of large winged creatures, wholly unlike any kind of bird, descend in a slow, even motion from the cliffs and alight on the plain.

"We changed to lens Hz, which brought them to the apparent proximity of 80 yards. They were like human beings, for their wings had now disappeared, and their attitude in walking was both erect and dignified."

These moon creatures, it seemed, "averaged four feet in height; were covered, except on the face, with short and glossy copper-colored hair," and had open and intelligent expressions. They were evidently engaged in conversation. And "their gesticulation, more particularly the varied actions of the hands and arms, appeared impassioned and emphatic."

As they watched, according to Sir John, "the three groups spread their wings and were lost in the dark confines of the woods before we had time to recover from our paralyzing astonishment. We scientifically denominated them *Vespertilio Homo*, or man-bats.

"They are doubtless innocent and happy creatures, notwithstanding some of their amusements would but ill comport with our terrestrial notions of decorum." According to the *Sun*, Sir John would make a separate report on "certain prohibited passages" on his return to England.

New York devoted its talking

hours to the man-bats of the moon, with one question uppermost: what had Sir John observed the moon creatures doing that could not be revealed in his *Journal of Science* account?

At this point, the rival *Mercantile Ad-*

vertiser and *New-York Advocate* admitted that Sir John's report appeared to have "intrinsic evidence of authenticity," and began pirating the series direct from the *Sun*.

Nothing had ever excited New York's 270,000 people as the *Sun's* articles were doing, and Mr. Day's circulation climbed daily. On August 31st, the astonishing 11,000-word series concluded with the report of a new group of man-bats.

"We had no opportunity to see them actually at work," Sir John explained. "So far as we could judge, they spend their happy hours in collecting fruits in the woods, eating, soaring through the skies, bathing and loitering about upon the summits of precipices."

Shortly thereafter, Richard Adams Locke, reporter on the *Sun*, ran into a friendly rival from the highly respectable, six-penny *Journal of Commerce* in a taproom. Locke was


LADY SINGS THE BLUES
by Billie Holiday
In the year's most shocking book, a great entertainer bares her story of sordid poverty, glittering success—and her bitter struggle with dope. Condensed
NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

quite a fellow. A 35-year-old Englishman, graduate of Cambridge, he had come to America after several publishing failures in his own country.

At the moment, Locke was understandably somewhat in his cups as a result of the success of the articles and the fact that his salary had been increased from \$12 a week to \$18 during the course of them.

When the opposition reporter admitted that the *Journal* finally was reprinting the series, Locke blurted, "Don't go out on a limb. I wrote the whole thing myself."

The *Journal* man ran all the way back to his office—and the colossal hoax was exposed.

Locke, it turned out, was something of an amateur scientist as well as a newsman. He had always been fascinated by Sir John Herschel's work, and on one occasion had indeed met the great man. Locke's pseudo-scientific knowledge and

vivid imagination, plus the *Sun's* desperate need for circulation and advertising revenue, had triggered the great deception.

Next morning, New York's face was a deep crimson. At least four of the city's leading scientists conveniently were so ill that they couldn't see old friends for several days.

Rival papers jumped on the *Sun* like vultures on carrion. But Editor Day steadfastly refused to admit that there were no man-bats on the moon; and the *Sun* continued to hold the largest circulation of any daily paper.

And what of Sir John Herschel, legitimately busy with his very ordinary telescope back there at Cape Town while all the furor was going on? He must have had a good sense of humor, for when the articles finally reached him, he remarked with a chuckle that he could never hope to live up to the fame thus gratuitously heaped upon him.

State of Confusion

ON HER FIRST DATE during a visit to wild and woolly Texas, a young lady was taken to a night club elaborately decorated in cowboy style. Excusing herself to freshen her make-up, she was back a minute later. Blushing, she said to her escort, "You have to help me. Am I a steer or a heifer?" —*Nassau*

NEAR Comfort, Texas, which is between the towns of Alice and Louise, a motel has this sign: Sleep In Comfort Between Alice And Louise. —ROY KENNEDY

A WOMAN IN A TEXAS TOWN decided to sell her house. She hung the "for sale" sign on the mail box and got seven offers to buy—the mail box. —EDWARD SUTTER

ONE THING the early Texans were sensitive about was the strength of their coffee. An old cowboy recipe for brewing good coffee goes like this:

Put two pounds of coffee in one gallon of water. Boil two hours, then throw a horseshoe into the pot. If it sinks, the coffee ain't done.

—ROSS PHARES, *Texas Tradition*,
Henry Holt & Co., Inc.

ego

destroyers



Answers on page 128

NOT FUNNY

WITHOUT meaning to be facetious, can you think of a common English word that uses all the vowels in their exact sequence?

—L. A. BARRETT

SOUND LOGIC

A MARINE insurance company wanted to test the credibility of a shipwrecked passenger whose report went as follows:

"When the liner began sinking, I only thought of saving my own life. I jumped into the sea, mustering all my strength, and swam in the direction of a small island several miles away by alternating back stroke with breast stroke. About three quarters of an hour later, I heard a terrific detonation, a sure sign that the liner's boiler had exploded. The thing, however, I could not understand was that, several seconds later, I heard a second explosion."

This observation was not corroborated by the crew which, being in a lifeboat near the sinking liner, heard only one detonation.

Can you tell whether the description of the passenger contains a contradiction? If you think there is no contradiction, how do you explain the strange observation with regard to a second explosion?

—GERARD MOSLER

EYE MINDED

SUPPOSE YOU ARE THE MASTER of ceremonies at a charity dinner. While you give the table arrangement a last minute glance, the chairman and his assistant enter the dining room. A few minutes later, the first score of guests arrive. By that time the chairman has left but his assistant remains and is talking to 10 new arrivals. Half an hour later, every seat is occupied and the dinner begins. It lasts two and a half hours. By 10:30 the guests start to leave, and at 11:00 no one but yourself and the waiters remain.

Can you tell without re-reading the above paragraph—what is the color of the MC's eyes?

—GERARD MOSLER

ODD AND EVEN

A CONTESTANT, flushed with his success on a quiz show, said to another contestant: "I'll give you \$64 for every question of yours I fail to answer if you will give me \$48 for every question of mine that stumps you." These terms were agreed upon, and the first man asked his first question. Then, when each had asked three questions, they settled their score and found that they had both come out even. Can you tell how they had managed this?

—GERARD MOSLER

While experts battle over conflicting theories, this private institution in Chicago has come up with an ingeniously simple method of word building—and in six years has never had a failure. It's . . .

The School

by DARLENE GEIS

JOHNNY WAS an eager, intelligent little boy who couldn't wait to start first grade. But after the first semester he didn't pick up the rudiments of reading as well as most of the other children. His attention wandered.

"He's bright enough," said his teacher. "He's top boy in arithmetic. But reading doesn't interest him. He doesn't try."

In second grade, Johnny didn't do much better. His parents accused him of being lazy. Other children called him dumb.

"I'll buy you a bike if you'll really try and read by Christmas!" his father promised him.

Johnny wanted that bike. He wanted his teacher's praise and the good opinion of the other kids. But how could he "try" when the groups of letters meant absolutely nothing to him? Where was the right "trying" muscle? It was as hard as telling him he had to wiggle his ears.

Johnny never got the bike. He

went through school reading the barest minimum. In spite of his intelligence, he all but failed. Much that would have interested him was locked away from him in books, since for him reading was all uphill work and no pleasure. And the contribution he might have made to society was lost.

While experts have been battling it out over conflicting theories as to why youngsters like Johnny can't read, a 55-year-old private school in Chicago, the Francis W. Parker School, has not only hit on what seems to be the obvious answer but has been quietly applying it for six years—*without a single reading failure.*

Parker does not use the new word-recognition method of teaching such children how to read. Nor does it use the good old-fashioned phonetic method. The fact is that neither is the entire answer, and even a blending of these two basic methods fails to provide the solution.

The reason why one out of every five children has a reading problem lies not so much in the teaching method as in the child himself. And this has nothing to do with any fine-spun theories that involve "personality" or "character" but stems from a *specific, readily recognizable*

Where Johnny Does Read

inherited language characteristic.

At the Parker School they diagnose this characteristic in kindergarten, and the one out of five who have it are taught to read by a special alphabetic word-building method. For it has now become apparent that there is no *one* ideal reading method for all children.

The first clue to this solution came as far back as the early 1900s, when Dr. Samuel T. Orton, the neurologist, was trying to find the answer to why certain highly intelligent children had difficulty in reading, writing and spelling. He found that this kind of difficulty occurred in children where one half of the brain was *not* strongly dominant, and consequently their language function was often confused by images in reverse which came from the other half.

Such children are not difficult to single out. They have certain marked characteristics. A profile of one would be:

He or she has left-handed or ambidextrous relatives. He himself tends to be ambidextrous, and may stutter or have delayed speech. He is easily confused about left and right, is apt to write letters in reverse, may spell words backwards. He can read or write "mirror writ-

ing," is frequently excellent in arithmetic but poor in spelling and penmanship.

Four times as many boys as girls are affected; and the characteristic, in one form or another, runs in families.

Curiously enough, one of the most tragic aspects of this problem is that many highly gifted people have been made to suffer from this characteristic. As a result, though brilliant, they are frustrated by early failure and seem to be educational problems and misfits.

Leonardo da Vinci was a mirror writer, Aldous Huxley was prone to word reversals, Darwin made Nature his book because academic study was so difficult for him. Henry Ford, a mechanical genius and a whiz at figures, admitted that he was never much of a reader or speller, and was always regretful about his limited education.

Dr. Orton called the characteristic "strephosymbolia" (or language disability)—from the Greek for "twisted symbols." Strephosymbolia has been accepted for a long time as a major cause in reading failure, but usually it was not diagnosed until a child had already failed miserably as a result of it.

It was this sort of child that Dr.

Orton wanted to save. So he assigned Anna Gillingham, a school principal and his research associate, to the task of working out remedial teaching methods for these children. Miss Gillingham found that those of them who had been taught to read by methods that were suited to the majority of children had "learned that most devastating of all lessons—that effort will result in failure."

She explains it this way: "To understand these children's despair, try wiggling your ears. Toes, fingers, head—these you can move without difficulty. But where do you take hold of yourself to wiggle your ears? They just won't wiggle."

Obviously, then, any teaching method based on word images would be courting failure for children whose reception and recall of those images are confused. "They just won't wiggle!" On the other hand, a method based on alphabetic word-building could successfully teach them, in terms in which they could appropriately be taught.

THIS WAS well and good as far as it went. But why wait for failure to show up the children—frequently so highly gifted otherwise—who had this language characteristic? Remedial reading comes *after* the damage to a child's self-esteem has been done. How much better to use the preventive rather than the remedial approach.

Dr. Orton's theory became the keystone of Miss Gillingham's work on the preventive project. Based on his findings, she worked out a series of tests that could ascer-

tain, as early as kindergarten, which children were "special" and would therefore need to be taught reading and writing by her special method.

Six years ago, Parker School, which has a history of educational pioneering, put Miss Gillingham's program into practice. This is how it works:

As early as kindergarten, a complete family history is obtained from the parents. When the family pattern shows up relatives with one or several of the characteristics of strephosymbolia, it becomes highly significant in the diagnosis. But this is not enough.

At this point, Parker's kindergarten teacher, Miss Clare Lyden, tests each kindergarten pupil individually, but in such a way that the child does not suspect he is being tested. Aside from her own observations, Miss Lyden gives definite tests for handedness, footedness and eyedness, as well as for sensory recall.

One test, for example, is a series of drawings, similar to those in the standard reading-readiness tests. These are line drawings with definite left or right orientation, such as an arrow. The teacher draws one of the line pictures herself, with the child watching carefully.

Then she calls the child's attention to something outside the window. After this distraction, she asks if he can draw from memory the picture that was just shown to him. Sometimes as many as three-fourths of the pictures will be done in complete or partial reverse direction by a child.

Naturally, such a child, when learning to read, would have a diffi-

cult time with p and q, b and d, 6 and 9.

Toward the end of the kindergarten year, Miss Lyden has a fat record on each child which she forwards to Miss Gillingham. This includes an individual intelligence test, since a child with a mental age under six and one-half years is not yet ready to cope with the written language in any event.

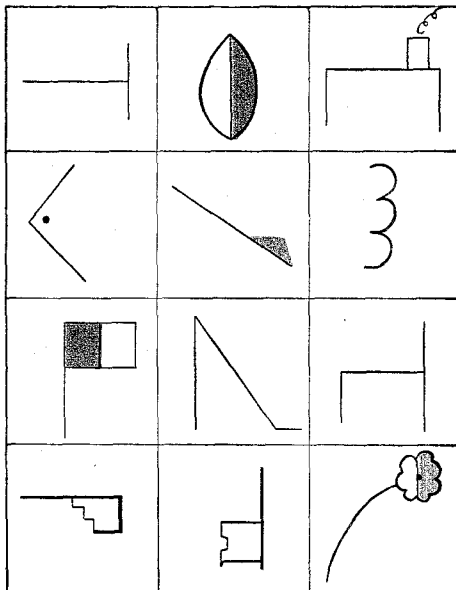
Miss Gillingham studies the data on each child and decides as she says, "whether it is safe ever to expose him to conventional instruction in reading." Her task is a delicate one, because there are all shades and degrees of this language characteristic.

Actually, only ten per cent of all children show it sufficiently to find it a real handicap in school work. But, in the U.S. school population, this means nearly 3,500,000 children.

At Parker, Miss Gillingham has marked about one child out of every five for the special group. In six years, as a result of this early diagnosis, there has not been a single reading failure at Parker.

From first grade through fourth grade, these "special" children—as they are called at Parker—have their own reading and writing classes which are divided into small groups of five to seven.

"These children who *need* to learn by alphabetic word-building seem to find it fascinating," Herbert W. Smith, former headmaster of the school, says. "They *never* guess and go wrong. Where other children use random guessing when confronted with such a long and unfamiliar word as 'hippopotamus,' with what joy the 'specials' can sound it out letter by letter and syllable by syl-



AS early as kindergarten, pupils at the Parker School are tested individually (without knowing it) to determine whether they will need special handling in learning to read and write. In one test (*left*), child is shown drawing with definite left or right orientation. Then, teacher distracts the child's attention for a moment, puts aside picture, and asks child to draw it from memory. If child reproduces too many lines in reverse, he will probably have difficulty with numbers and letters, and will be handicapped by normal teaching methods. One child who could print his name, when asked to do it without looking, wrote unhesitatingly, from *right* to *left*, "NALA."

lable until the great beast is unerringly identified."

Beginners are taught first only those letters that cannot be reversed. After the child learns a letter, he learns to write it. And even his writing is taught differently. There are guidemarks on the desks which determine the slant of the paper. These are designed to make the child write with a strong slope to the right. As a result the movement of the line from left to right is reinforced, and the tendency to reversal or mirroring is avoided.

Because the language function is based on the working together of the kinesthetic, auditory and visual images of word symbols—where the confusion of these children arises—the method of teaching them must take this into account. Therefore, in the special class, a child first writes a letter in the air, saying it at the same time. Then he writes it with his fin-

ger on the desk, again repeating the letter. And last, he writes it with his eyes closed, still saying it aloud.

By such means, these children are able to acquire what the others can grasp automatically. But the result is that, in fifth grade, they have as great ease and fluency in reading and writing as other children. They have simply arrived at it by a different road—the only road that is practical to them.

"Certain children will never acquire the word imagery of their fellows," Miss Gillingham says. "But if recognized early enough, and given special training, these children can become quite superior readers.

"Special methods for special children may be expensive—but not when balanced against what is gained in avoiding the despair of these children, the sorrow of their parents and the perplexity of their teachers."

Ministerial Mishap

A MINISTER was asked to address the graduating class in a small town about 100 miles away. He knew no one there and wondered why he had been chosen.

On graduation night, the principal began his introduction. "Reverend Smith does not know it, but about a year ago I was in his community on a Sunday morning and I dropped in at his church service. The sermon I heard that morning was so fine, I decided this was the man we wanted to speak to us at our next graduation exercise." For the next five minutes, he gave a fully accurate, and complete, outline of the sermon of the previous year.

The waiting speaker grew paler with each flattering word. Little did anyone know that the address he had in his pocket was the sermon being so carefully outlined to the waiting audience! —H. S. S.





Human Comedy



A DIGNIFIED GENTLEMAN attending a formal dinner politely refused a certain dish, explaining: "I've tried it before and I don't like it."

After dinner his host offered him a cigar. This was turned down with: "I tried smoking once. It made me ill and I've not smoked since."

Napoleon brandy was rejected with the comment: "Tried an alcoholic beverage once and never touched it again."

Finally the exasperated hostess leaned toward him and said sweetly, "Sir, I understand that you have just one child."

—P.T.L. News

PSYCHIATRIST DR. ALFRED ADLER was lecturing on the theory that people with handicaps often specialize on their handicapped functions. Thus, people with weak eyes tend to become painters, and so on.

Finishing his lecture, Adler asked for questions. Immediately this one was pitched at him from the back of the auditorium: "Dr. Adler, wouldn't your theory mean that weak-minded people tend to become psychiatrists?"

—A.M.A. Journal

ON A CROWDED street, a motorist stopped suddenly for a red light and had his rear bumper bashed by the car behind. The driver got out, looked over the damage, glared at the woman driving the other car and took off.

At the next light, the same thing happened again. Finally, after the third bump, the woman got out of her car and came over holding out a driver's license and other credentials.

"Look, Madam," said the victim helplessly, "never mind that stuff. All I want from you is a five-minute start!"

—Interstatements

THE PRESIDENT of a southern university went to the station to greet author John Erskine who was to deliver a lecture. Never having met the writer, he approached the first passenger off the train and asked: "Are you John Erskine?" The other drew himself up indignantly, "I should say not!"

He stepped up to another passenger and asked the same question.

"No," replied the man, obviously pleased, "but I wish I were."

A few minutes later the educator found Erskine and described the encounters. "I learned this from their replies," he said. "At least one of them has read your books."

"I'll buy that," agreed Erskine, "but which one?"

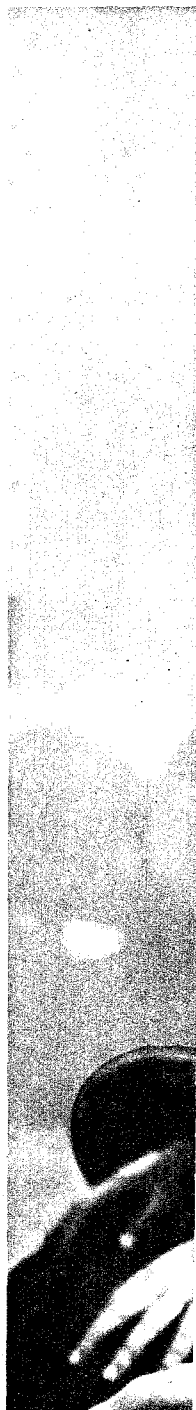
—E. E. EDGAR

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N.Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

THE PRIEST

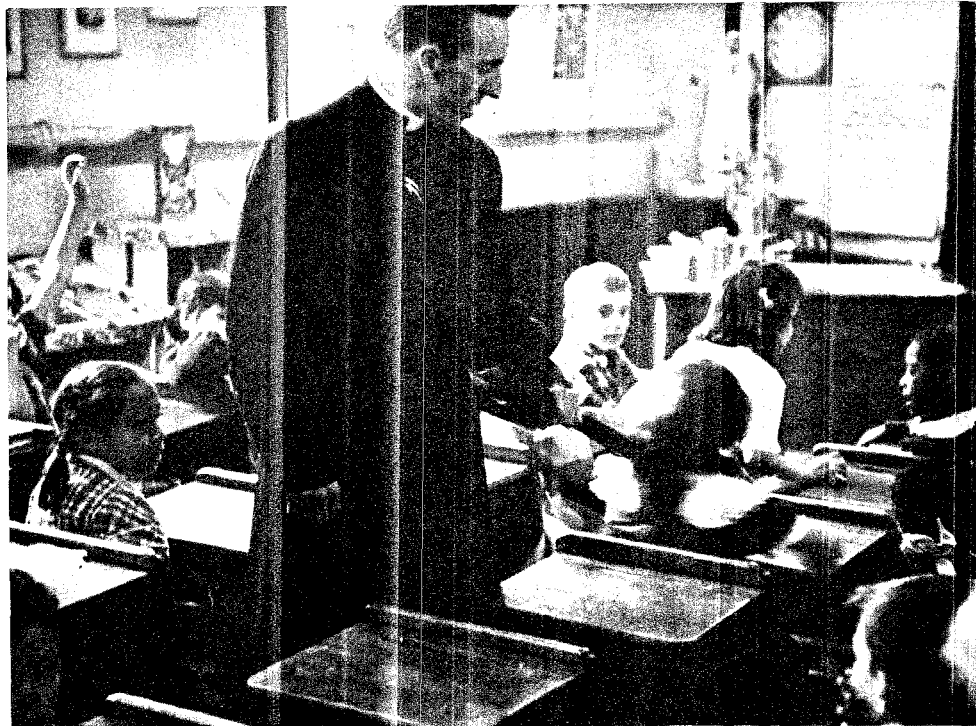
He represents his parishioners before God—in joy and sorrow, from the cradle to the grave

INSTEAD OF going into business, marrying and raising a family like most men his age, Father Mason Vaughn, now 34, chose to become a priest in the Catholic Church. He made the decision in response to a "call" during his senior year in high school in Bay City, Michigan, where he was born. It was a decision without precedent in his Catholic family. His father is a retired baker; his four sisters and one brother are married; and no other relatives have had such a vocation. To achieve his goal meant years of intensive study for Father Vaughn—first at Sacred Heart Seminary, Detroit, where he received his B.A. and was ordained, then four more years of theological and educational courses at Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. As an ordained priest, he represents, within the Church, the actions, word and being of Christ. And in St. Joseph's Parish, Saginaw, Michigan—where he served when these pictures were taken—his role as religious mentor included helping people overcome the social and economic problems of a crowded area with a mixed population. On the following pages is the story of Father Vaughn's varied and strenuous labors.





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Teaching in a Catholic school is just one of Father Vaughn's ways of proclaim-

Serving all, the priest speaks to each in his own language



THE PRIEST must plunge into the affairs of the world. Only thus can he truly understand the ways and problems of his people, and be able to represent them before God. He is concerned with such varied activities as confessions, instructions, saying daily Mass, burials, evening meetings, sick calls, lectures, baptisms, reading and athletics. Father Vaughn often gets only three hours' sleep a night.

Father Vaughn tries doughnut at a Communion breakfast for Campfire Girls.



ing God's word.



When parishioners have run-ins with law enforcement agencies, the priest often helps straighten things out.

(Below), Father Vaughn directs a play. For many of the youngsters, he is their most trusted adult friend.





From birth to death, a Catholic's life revolves around his Church

"I pardon you." Parishioners come to the priest to confess sins. In his confessional, he listens and ponders his reply.

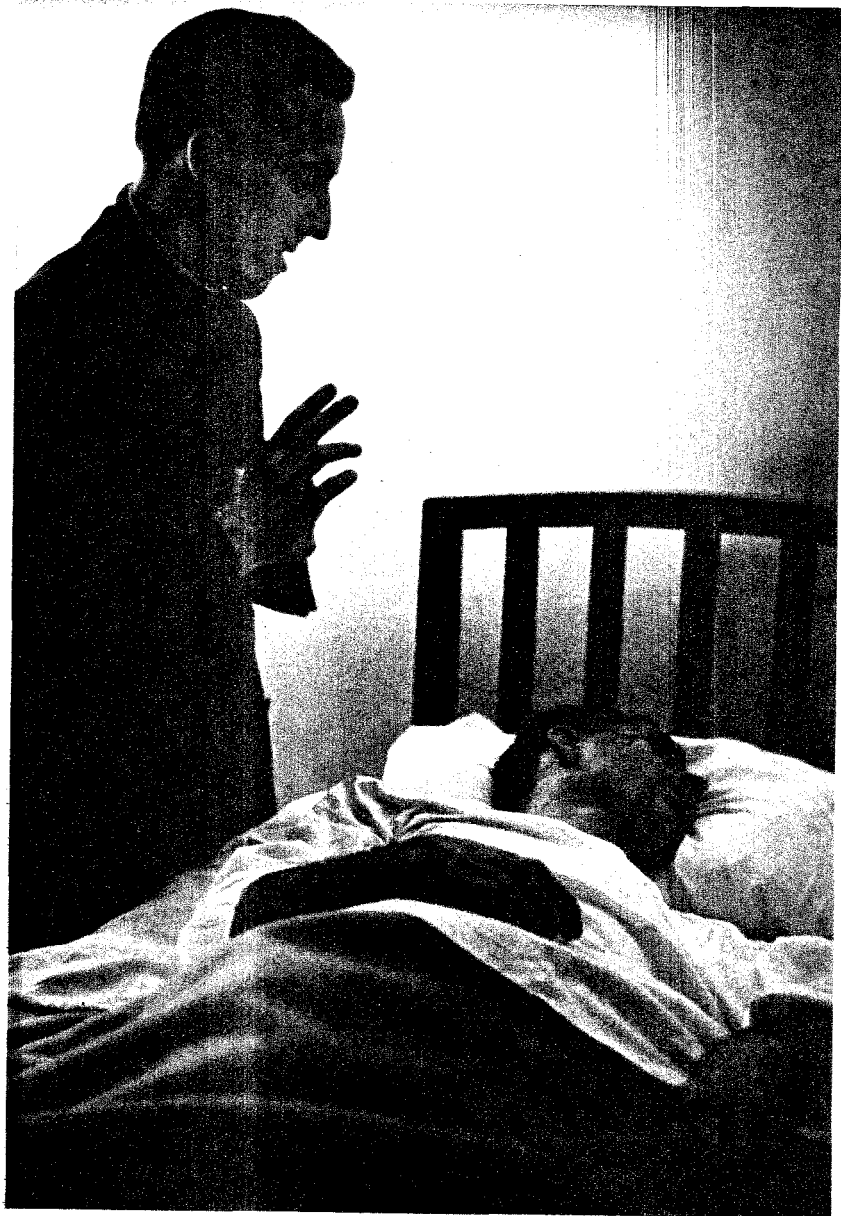
IT IS MAINLY the parish priest who performs the basic rituals of the Catholic Church. He repeats the words and gestures exactly as the long line of priests before him have done through the centuries. Performing these rites, Father Vaughn is a living symbol of the Church to his people and becomes, both as a symbol and a personality, an integral part of their lives. As for life away from the church, there isn't much time for that. But when he can, Father Vaughn likes to ski and tinker with cars.

"I join you." Marrying a couple, he hears their promises and blesses them.



"I baptize you." Baptized, one enters the Church and is identified with Christ.

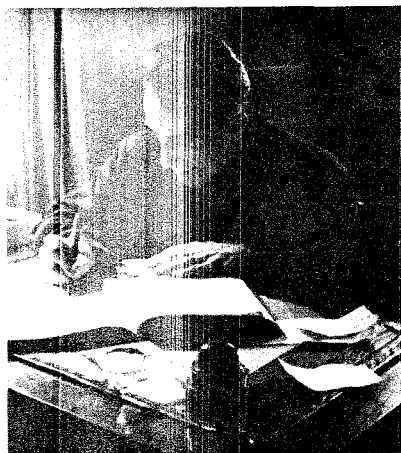




"Let peace come to thee this day," the priest intones as he murmurs the Prayers For the Dying. When there is illness or suffering, the priest comes and, in being present and giving Extreme Unction, repeats the actions of Christ.



Father Vaughn answers phone during breakfast conference with superior.



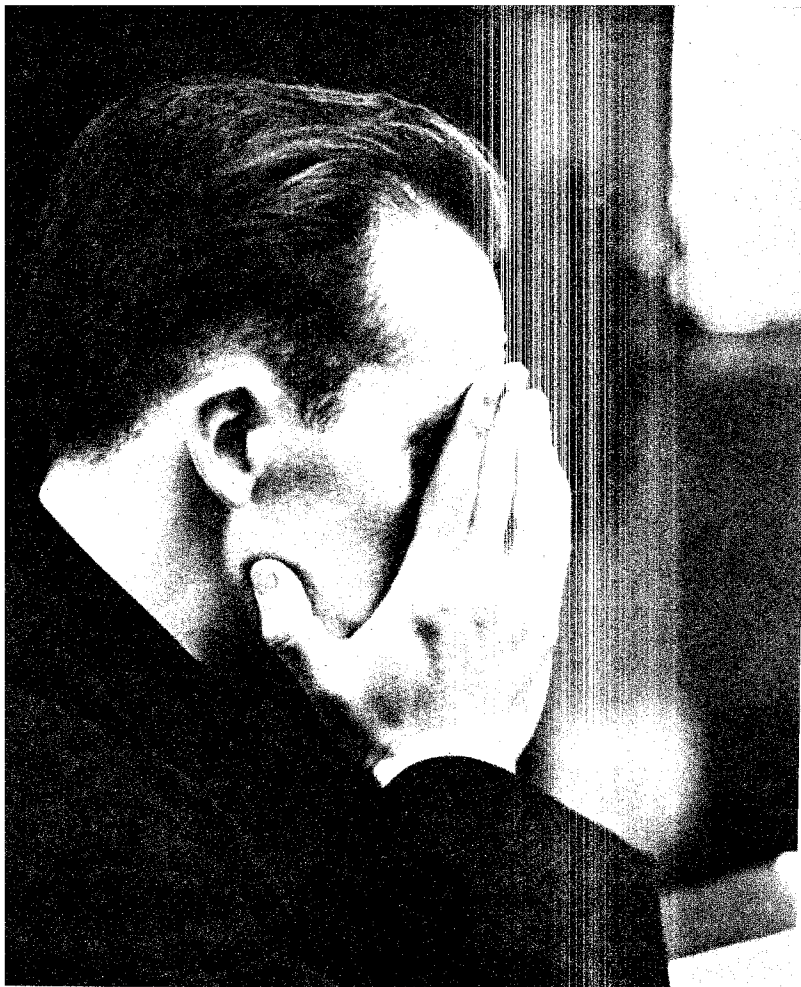
As an additional duty, he checks over parish financial and religious records.

For strength in his task, he draws upon his spiritual reserves

THERE IS LITTLE LET-UP in the priest's day. When he is not serving his parishioners directly, he is involved in administrative matters. The parish has a credit union and a free medical clinic. It also sponsors a Catholic interracial council and many other social services.

Distributing Holy Communion to the nuns is another of Father Vaughn's duties. He also spends time in meditation and prayer, and makes an annual retreat.

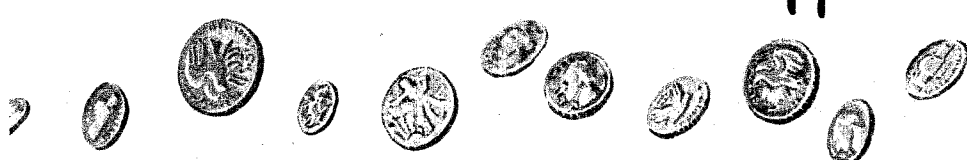




IN THE exalted moment of prayer, Father Vaughn shuts out the hurly-burly of the world, with which he, too, must contend, and prays to the Lord for strength and guidance. The life of the priest is essentially a lonely one. Bound by rigid self-discipline, his reason for being has only one goal—to bring men to God.

by WILL BERNARD

"I've Stopped



YOU CAN DO as you please, but my wife and I have started treating money with respect. Mind you, I didn't say awe—just *respect*.

The distinction is vital. It's the difference between stinginess and thriftiness. It doesn't mean skimping on your dinner, but it does mean adding up the check.

Once upon a faraway time, Americans had a world-wide reputation for being hardheaded about dollars and cents. Benjamin Franklin said: "Beware of little expenses. A small leak will sink a great ship."

Shades of our closefisted forefathers, how we've changed! True, we are a rich, productive nation and we have a right to live well. But living well isn't living wastefully. Even amidst great wealth, waste has no justification.

So my wife and I began keeping friendly tabs on each other's habits, on the lookout for waste. And we found plenty.

My wife called my attention to my habit of flicking a cigarette into the toilet and flushing it down—along with about seven gallons of water. (Did you know that common-sense conservation can knock one-third off your water bill?)

Most makers of washing machines recommend one cup of soap per load of laundry. But my wife, like every other housewife she knows, didn't stop to measure. She just gave the soap box some good hard shakes and let it go at that.

At my suggestion, she did a typical shaking into a pan. We measured the amount—and found she'd been using about 50 per cent more soap than she needed. (Did you know that excessive soaping can waste your money, harm your clothes, and damage your washing machine—all at one fell swoop?)

I recently changed the filter in our furnace and found it badly clogged—because I just didn't get around to changing it a year ago. (Did you know that proper care of equipment can lower your fuel costs by as much as a third?)

I asked our neighborhood dry-cleaning man if he sees much waste and he was glad to get a pet peeve off his chest.

"If there's one thing that gets my goat," he said, "it's the guy who sends me his pants with money in the pockets. We even find valuable jewelry sometimes. Of course we return what we find, but some things never do turn up." (Did you know

Throwing Money Away"



the cleaner is usually *not* legally liable for losing valuables from your clothes?)

"You hear stories about valuable securities lying forgotten in somebody's attic," the man at the bank said. "Well, we've got attics like that here. I'm talking about our safe deposit boxes.

"Here's what happens: a man stashes away some bonds or stocks and then forgets all about them. Coupons fall due and never get clipped. Bonds mature and never get cashed. Stock rights die because the time limit runs out. It's like pouring money down the sewer."

And so it went around the neighborhood.

A gas-station attendant talked despairingly of customers who get trading stamps, which are worth cold cash, and then toss them out the window. (Did you know that premiums earned but never claimed run up into millions of dollars every year?)

An insurance man told me one of his company's biggest headaches is tracking down people who have money coming to them. A man will struggle for years to keep up his insurance payments—and never bother to tell the beneficiaries about the

policy. (Did you know that the Prudential Insurance Company of America uses about 70 employees just to hunt up beneficiaries who haven't claimed their money?)

"There's a lady," the corner druggist said, "who comes in every two weeks for a small bottle of hand lotion. She's used the stuff for years. Yet she'd never buy a *large* bottle, even though it's 20 per cent cheaper, because saving 20 per cent just plain doesn't interest her. In my book that lady's *immoral*—same as if she wasted food in a famine. Big or small, a sin's a sin."

That's exactly the thing—the immorality of waste—that my wife and I have tried to root out of our daily living.

After all, treating money with respect is a matter of simple honesty. For most of us mortals, it takes hard work to get it. So why talk airily about easy-come, easy-go—when it is *not* easy-come?

The bricklayer's backache, the executive's ulcer, the salesgirl's weary feet—they're still basic to the process of earning a living. There's still plenty of blood, sweat and tears in that weekly pay check.

So do your best to handle it with care!



Luxury—Living on

by RICHARD JOSEPH

In San Miguel de Allende—the Mexican Shangri-La—beef is 29¢ lb., potatoes 7¢; a haircut is 16¢, a shine 4¢, bread 5¢ and milk 8¢; the climate's wonderful, as is the rent—\$40 a month for a house



AVAILABLE AT ONCE—for an American couple seeking the good life: sun-blessed tropical college town within driving distance of home. Recreation, sports, entertainment and busy cultural program. Private villa, three servants, plus all you can eat and drink—all for \$45 per week.

This sounds like a figment of a bankrupt's dream. Actually, it is an accurate description of what awaits you in a lovely little town in the Mexican central plateau an easy two-and-a-half-day drive south of the border.

San Miguel de Allende is a 400-year-old gem of Spanish colonial architecture and Mexican history and culture. It is so beautiful and historic that the Mexican Government has named it a national monument, and living here is so relaxed and inexpensive that it has become the end of the rainbow for hundreds of happy Americans. In San Miguel de Allende they have discovered

\$45.00 a Week

one of the few accessible places in the world where a dollar buys as much as it did in granddad's day, if not more.

Here they are enjoying a life of luxury for less than it would cost them to barely scrape along at home. Consider servants, for example. How many middle-income families can afford a full-time maid these days? With sleep-in maids charging \$50 or \$60 a week, the answer is very few.

In San Miguel, though, a *criada* who cleans, markets, cooks and does just about everything else around the house from eight in the morning to seven at night—with Sundays off—gets about \$6 a month. If she sleeps in, she will baby-sit at no extra cost.

A *mozo*, a houseboy or man of general work, earns about the same. A full-time gardener gets about \$12 a month, but he will practically earn his keep with the fresh vegetables he grows almost all year round.

So it goes, all along the line. Consider some of these items of daily living: Haircut, 16¢ plus 4¢ tip. Shoeshine, 4¢. High-test gasoline, 21¢ a gallon. Taxis, anywhere in town for 24¢ (and no tip expected), or 80¢ by the hour.

Burros are accepted means of

local transportation, though, and a good one can be bought for \$15. A room and bath in the best hotels will run from \$2 to \$6 a day per person, *meals included*. Or you can have your own apartment of one or two rooms in a lovely *pensione* for \$60 to \$90 a month, and for \$10 more you can get a two-bedroom apartment. You can rent a typical Mexican house for \$40 a month, an "Americanized" house for about \$75.

These prices—seemingly unbelievable in these times—are due mainly to successive devaluations of the Mexican *peso*, plus the fact that almost all living costs are cheaper south of the border. So Americans get more mileage out of their dollars.

Take Peter Olwyler and his family, for instance. Olwyler is a 35-year-old newspaperman who teaches photography and does public relations for the Instituto Allende, a fine-arts school run by Americans and incorporated as part of the University of Guanajuato, the state in which San Miguel is situated. He came to Mexico as a tourist with his wife and two young children, passed through San Miguel, was trapped by the charm and tropical beauty of the town, and, as



Students of painting from the fine arts school capture typical scene on canvas.

he puts it, "never quite got away."

The Olwyllers found a bargain house on a hilltop on the edge of town. It is four stories high, with living room, dining room, kitchen, three bedrooms, two baths, a studio, three terraces, and a maid's room transformed into a darkroom. For this they pay \$20 a month rent. But Olwyler is quick to admit it is a bargain, even for San Miguel, and there aren't many houses like it.

The Olwyllers are living on about \$120 a month, including rent, food for the four members of the family plus two meals a day for the *criada*, gas and electricity. This budget becomes a little less mystifying when you go shopping with Mrs. Olwyler. At the butcher's (there are two excellent butcher shops in town, together with a number of butchers in the markets) she pays 29¢ a pound for beef, pork or lamb; 22¢ a pound for fine calves' liver.

Vegetables run 1½¢ for three or

four big onions, 7¢ a pound for potatoes and tomatoes, 8¢ a head for cabbage and cauliflower. Milk is 8¢ a quart. Pineapples are 16¢ apiece, oranges 1½¢, cantaloupes 3½¢, watermelons less than a quarter.

Wine is 48¢ to 56¢ a bottle, the famous Mexican beer 8¢, rum 48¢ to 88¢ a bottle.

Flies in this idyllic ointment? There are a few, of course. San Miguel is no longer a sleepy little Mexican town. Its beauty and fame, and the prestige brought to it by the Instituto, have drawn an increasing number of visitors and semi-permanent residents. Although several new hotels, boardinghouses and homes have been built recently, construction has failed to keep up with demand.

Therefore, during the crowded summer season there is almost literally no housing or living quarters for the casual visitor or tourist who arrives without reservations and hopes to stay for several weeks or months. Accommodations are much easier to find during the spring and fall.

And San Miguel is certainly not the cheapest place in Mexico to live, but the same factors that raise prices above the lowest level are what make the town so attractive.

The trouble with most foreign retirement paradises is the feeling of isolation from the world which you get after you have been there a while. In San Miguel, though, you are surrounded by stimulating students, artists and writers. Most are young Americans and Canadians, and the fact that you are in the

midst of a thriving English-speaking colony eliminates any possibility of loneliness caused by a language barrier.

San Miguel's location on the central plateau about 6,068 feet above sea level gives it the same magnificent climate as Mexico City. Rarely does the thermometer go above 80 in May, the hottest month of the year, and midwinter nights are seldom colder than 42 degrees, just before the sun rises to warm things up again. Average temperature of a midwinter day is somewhere in the upper 60s. This means less fuel is needed and clothing bills are lower.

A number of retired or semi-retired Americans have found that building a home is the best way to enjoy the inexpensive life of San Miguel. Mexican law permits property ownership by foreign students, so all home owners are enrolled at the Instituto.

An American instructor at the Instituto, for example, built a two-story house with six rooms, two baths and two terraces for \$4,000. He allows \$48 a month for food for himself, wife and maid, plus three hungry dogs; \$6.40 a month for the maid, and \$2.80 apiece for gas and electricity, or a grand total of \$60 a month to cover fixed living expenses.

There are always extras, of course, but they rarely amount to too much in San Miguel, where a house visit by one of the excellent local physicians costs as little as \$1.20.

For San Miguel residents, life is seasoned by frequent excursions

through the fascinating countryside. Two pyramids, both over 1,100 years old, are within an hour's drive. Mexico City is 250 miles away, and a first-class train ticket costs between \$1.60 and \$2.40, depending on the accommodations you choose.

There is lots to do, though, right in and around San Miguel. A couple can spend an evening in a number of pleasant nightclubs for \$4, including drinks, dinner and dancing. San Miguel's one movie house shows excellent second-run and occasionally first-run Mexican and U.S. films, admission 12¢. And the Instituto schedules frequent concerts, plays, dramatic readings, variety shows and lectures throughout the year.

Behind San Miguel's present popularity is a bony, bespectacled, six-foot Princetonian named Stirling Dickinson, Director of Fine Arts at the Instituto. Touring

Women shop for native pottery and food in one of the many open-air markets.



Mexico by jalopy in 1937, Dickinson fell in love with the sleepy village and returned a year later to help found an art school with eight students.

Now 46, Dickinson has spent most of the past 18 years guiding a high-minded but financially doubtful venture into a prospering cultural institution with an enrollment of more than 1,000 students. Its headquarters is a two-centuries-old Spanish colonial palace.

Dickinson also serves as an unofficial, unpaid information bureau, and if you are interested in San Miguel your best bet would be to write him at the Instituto Allende,

San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

Although San Miguel has advantages uniquely its own, many other Mexican communities might appeal even more to budget-minded visitors with special interests. If you like fishing and seashore life, for instance, you might be happier in places like Guaymas, Mazatlán, San Blas and Manzanillo, where life is inexpensive and the fishing fabulous. The Mexican Government Tourist Bureaus in New York, Chicago, Miami, New Orleans, Houston, San Antonio, San Diego, and Los Angeles can give you full information.



Astronomical Figures



TWIN STARS in the constellation of Cygnus, the Swan, race around each other at the rate of over 1,500,000 miles an hour, Dr. Joseph A. Pearce, director of the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory, recently reported.

—*Science News-Letter*

WE THINK our moonlight nights beautiful, but picture a night on Saturn, six or seven moons of various sizes hanging in the sky like Japanese lanterns and, overhead, the graceful light of the now distant Sun!

—FRANK REH, *Astronomy for the Layman* (D. Appleton-Century Co., Inc.)



FIVE THOUSAND STARS are visible to the unaided eye; a four-inch lens reveals over 2,000,000; and over 1,000,000,000 are accessible with the 200-inch mirror.

THE EARTH RECEIVES ENERGY at the rate of 4,690,000 horsepower per square mile from the sun, and has been doing so for hundreds of millions of years, and yet our tiny planet intercepts less than 1/2,000,000,000th of the sun's radiated energy.

—CECILIA PAYNE-GAPOSCHKIN, *Stars in the Making* (Harvard University Press)

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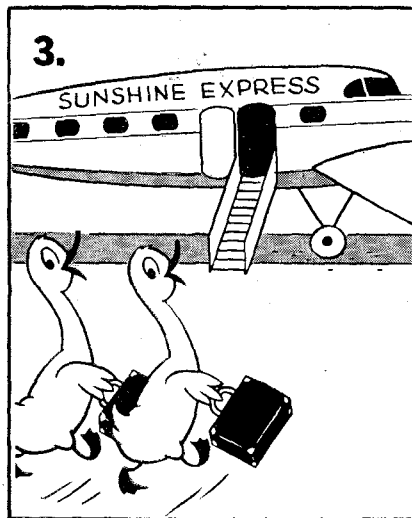
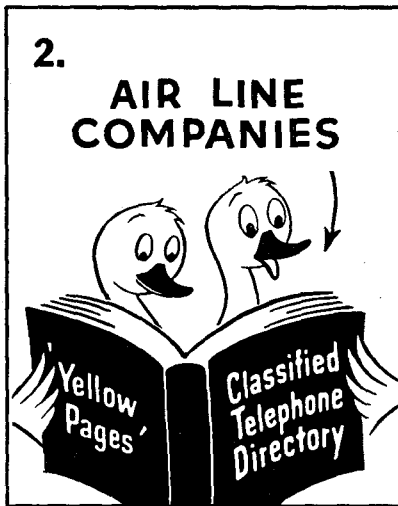


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they called it justice

by WILL BERNARD

THERE'S SOMETHING about a courtroom that brings out the gobbledygook in a witness. But every so often, like lightning in a fog, comes a flash of blinding eloquence. That's what happened one day in Colorado, when a broad-beamed, gum-chewing housewife took the witness stand to demand a divorce—and wrapped her complaint, defense, and closing argument in the following deathless prose:

"Well, he wasn't hard to look at and I fell for him. Before the next Tuesday, I seen I picked a lemon. I decided to stick it out, but he got worse. I used tin dishes to keep down the overhead, because that bozo could throw them harder than Babe Ruth could swat a baseball. I had a hunch for a long time that he was figgerin' on puttin' the bee on me and walkin' out. I said to myself, 'I'll train him.'

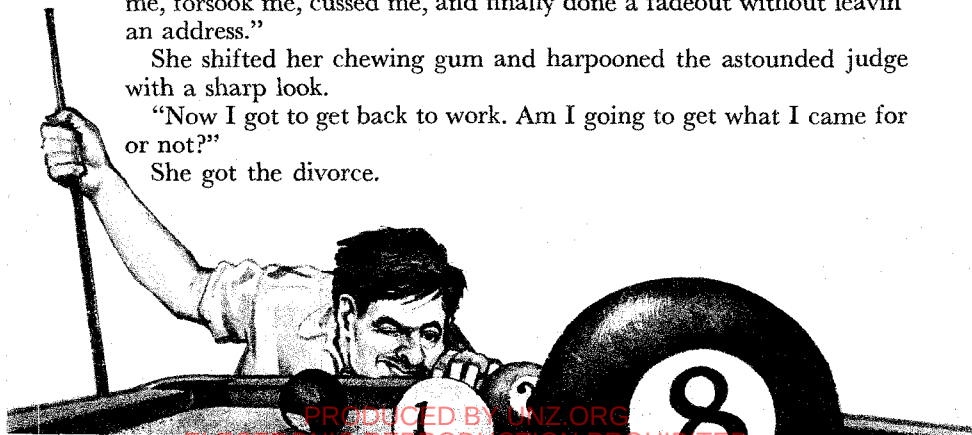
"But judge, a polecat is a skunk and you can't make a house pet out of one. He wouldn't take a bath. I found out he'd been a sheep herder and wasn't house broke and he shaved with laundry soap and cut his own hair. He spent his dough playin' Kelly pool and I had to dig up the eats. I've pitched hay, worked in a laundry, and half-soled my own shoes while that palooka was tryin' to figger out a new way to make the 8-ball without crampin' his style.

"Maybe I got my faults, but if I ain't earned a divorce from that yokel, there ain't no justice. I could set here and shoot off my face 'til Halley's comet comes back, but what I want is freedom and plenty of it, and I crave it now. I got duties to perform and no time to waste good ozone deliverin' orations about that worthless pool shark who beat me, forsook me, cussed me, and finally done a fadeout without leavin' an address."

She shifted her chewing gum and harpooned the astounded judge with a sharp look.

"Now I got to get back to work. Am I going to get what I came for or not?"

She got the divorce.





The Royal Danish

THE ART OF BALLET tells a story subtly through movement, mimicry and music. Each nation translates the story with different accents. For instance, dancers of the Imperial Russian and Britain's Sadler's Wells schools convey their meanings with icy, classic precision. But Denmark, the land of Hans Christian Andersen, has retained the spirit of the fairy tale in its ballet. It wraps its fables of emotion in an old-fashioned romanticism and the carefree quality of dancing at a country fair.

This culture-conscious nation of 4,500,000 people—half the population of greater New York—subsidizes its Royal Danish Ballet with elaborate stage settings, costumes and lighting effects, as well as a training school. The 114 members of this largest dance company in the world begin training from the age of seven. Emphasis is on mime, the silent acting which gives the dance drama its poignancy (as exemplified by first male soloist Borge Ralov, *right*, whom dance critics call greater than Nijinsky). The Royal Danish Ballet's repertory is a treasury of masterworks, preserved faithfully from the last three centuries. This fall the company will tour the U.S. for the first time, demonstrating its unique artistry.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARNOLD EAGLE

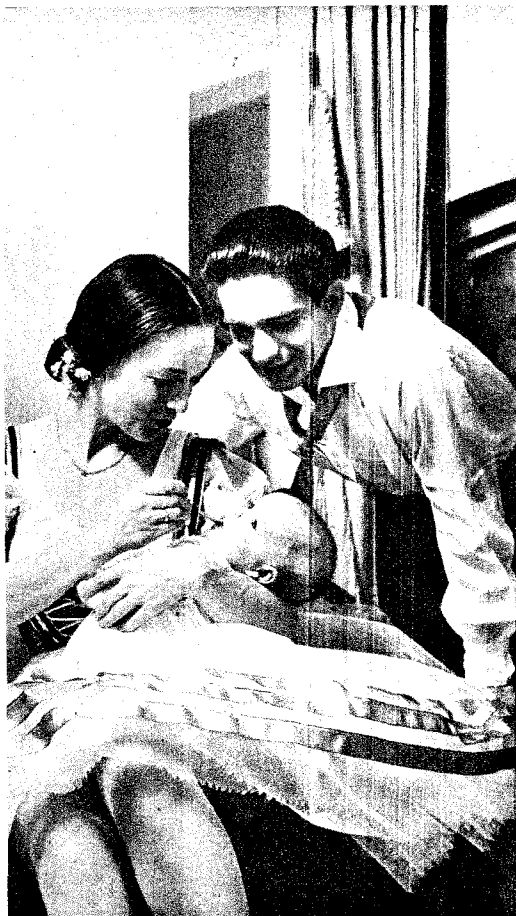
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Ballet



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Backstage romances
lead to marriage
and children who
ultimately also don
ballet slippers

**This ballet baby, fed between performances,
has over 100 godparents in the troupe.**

WORKING TOGETHER from early childhood, the Copenhagen dancers make up a theatrical dynasty looked upon with profound respect by the balletomaniac Danes. Half the solodancers have been honored as knights or dames of the realm.

Children learn the three Rs between basic ballet exercises. It takes about ten years to become a full-fledged ballet dancer. Salaries—roughly \$160 a month, with extra allowances—are supplemented by television, teaching and dancing at private parties.



Everyone rejoices as youngster (above) is elevated to a dancing role. Gathering under bulletin board, they admire her new costume. (Below), two generations, mothers (38 and 31) and daughters (10 and 8), join in a pas de quatre.





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KIRSTEN SIMONE (left), and other dancers of the Royal Danish Ballet, perform to packed houses two or three times a week during their eight-month season. Unsold tickets are purchased by the Ministry of Education and distributed free to students, thereby inspiring a new crop of theatregoers. The programs range from the oldest ballet known, *The Whims of Cupid* (1786), to *Fanfare* (1956) by American choreographer Jerome Robbins.



Fritzy Koch is one of 23 women with rank of ballet dancer.

Critics laud male dancers like Svend Erik Jensen and Borge Ralov (below) for their adroit acting.

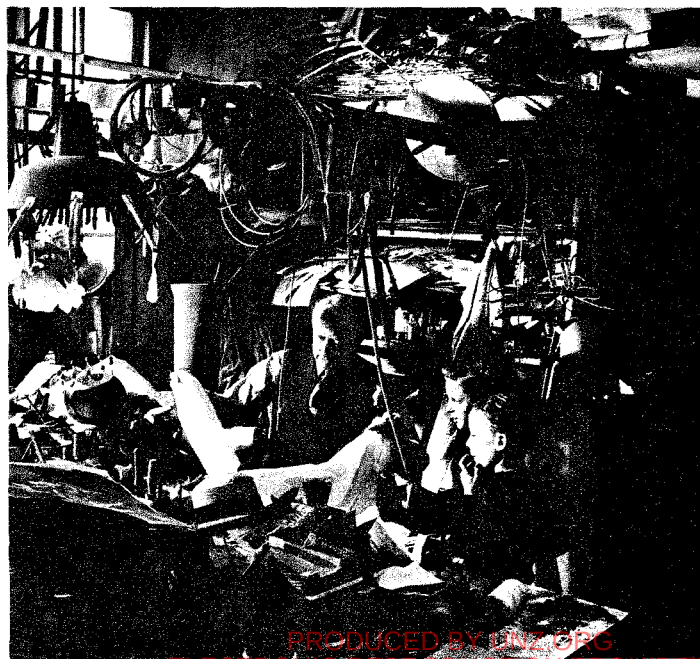




**Morning to mid-
busy practicing,**

**Between classes, dancers crowd dressing rooms
to relax, catch up on new bulletins and gossip.**

**In cluttered workshop atop theatre, a prop-maker shares
secrets and shows relics of past glories to ballet students.**



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night, the Royal Theatre keeps preparing sets and performing

THE ROYAL THEATER in Copenhagen houses the Royal Danish Ballet, the Opera and the Drama. Balletdancers frequently appear with the other two troupes. This arrangement sharpens their acting skills and increases their versatility. Because the dancers buy their own toe slippers, then rent them to the company, thrifty ballerinas change shoes three times daily, to insure longer wear.



Niels Bjorn Larson, brilliant actor-dancer, dons new face.

Enraptured girl, 11, watches stagehands work, and daydreams of dancing in spotlight one day. After four years she has small role as Cupid in a ballet.

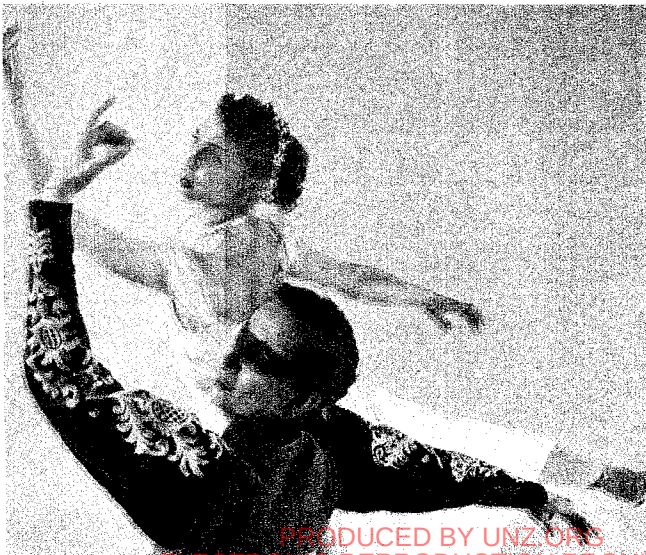




Warmth and a lyrical exuberance are chief characteristics of the troupe

THE ARTS are part of everyday life in Denmark. The King, an enthusiastic musician, often conducts the symphony orchestra, and the Royal ballet dancers are revered public servants, eligible for pensions after 25 years as troupe members.

August Bournonville, the balletmaster who ruled Danish dance from 1830 to 1877, built its reputation by creating dozens of romantic works and drilling his performers in the ancient art of pantomime, as well as in classical dancing techniques. He also insisted upon group interpretation, rather than the competitive spirit which dominates so many other companies. Thus performers like Kirsten Ralov (*right, in Petrouchka and top left, in Napoli with Borge Ralov*) or Mona Vangsaa and Henning Kronstam (*below, in the lyrical Romeo and Juliet*) are allowed to take curtain calls only at ballet festivals and upon retirement.



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The Man Who Changed

by JOHN PFEIFFER

He probed our secret desires for behavior; 100 years after his

AN ATTRACTIVE GIRL hurried down a side street in Vienna, and climbed a flight of stairs to a doctor's office. It was not her first visit. The small doctor, his pale face contrasting sharply with his thick black beard and dark piercing eyes, listened closely as she told a strange story. She had stabbing pains in the right side of her face. Her skin was so sensitive that the lightest touch was enough to make her scream in agony.

But the cause of her disorder was not physical. It came out after the doctor had asked his shrewd questions. They brought the disclosure that, some time before, a married man who was a friend of her father had dropped in at the girl's home and begun making ardent advances. Shocked and angry, she had slapped him hard across the right cheek. Now her face was hurting in the same place.

The diagnosis: hysterical pain resulting from feelings of guilt.

She was strongly attracted to the man despite herself, and relief came when she recognized that her pain was a neurotic expression of remorse.

That was more than 50 years ago, and the case stands as a landmark in medical history. For the doctor was destined to become one of the greatest healers of all time—and to rank with Darwin and Einstein as a shaper of world thought. Today a tablet, put up two years ago, marks the site of his former office and home: "In This House Lived and Worked Professor Sigmund Freud, the Founder of Psychoanalysis."

Freud pioneered in exploring the human mind. He probed deep into the Unconscious. He became convinced that sex is king of the Unconscious, that our most important sexual drives remain hidden and disguised. The girl's case was the first detailed account to be published about the new treatment called psychoanalysis. But at the time of her visits, Freud at 44 was a com-

Your Mind

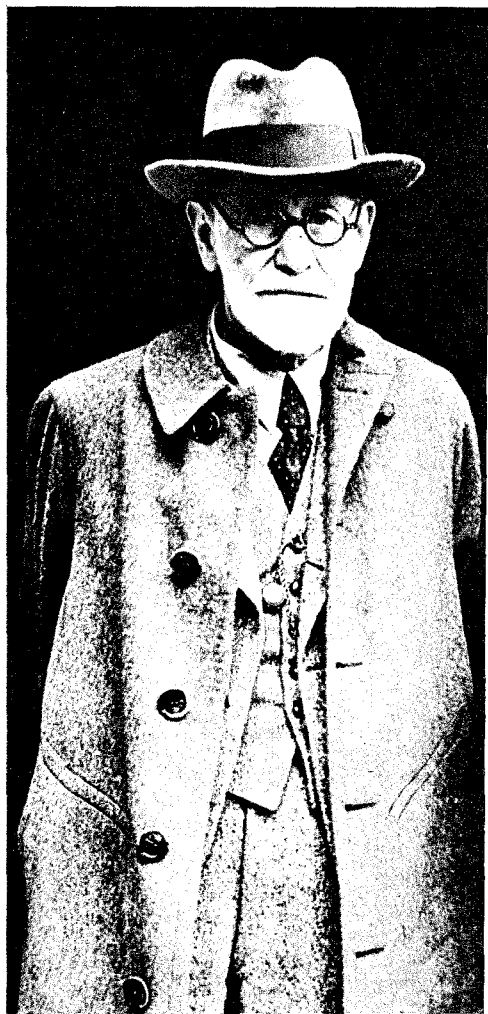
the first scientific key to human birth, Freud's name is immortal

parative unknown, not always able to support his wife and six children comfortably, and still groping toward his ultimate discoveries.

1956 is Freud's centennial. He was born 100 years ago in Freiburg, Moravia, then part of Austria, the eldest of eight children and his mother's favorite (she called him "my golden Sigi"). His father was an unsuccessful Jewish wool merchant, and the Freuds soon had to leave town, because business was slumping and anti-Semitism rising. The family settled in Vienna.

Freud never felt strongly attracted to medicine. His "original purpose" was to do scientific research, and necessary courses could be obtained only by enrolling for a medical degree at the University of Vienna. But by the time of his graduation in 1881, Freud felt he could never earn enough money as a laboratory scientist. He settled temporarily for being a physician.

The 26-year-old doctor was so



Sigmund Freud in 1938.
a year before his death.

pathetically poor and in debt that his daily budget allowed only 45 cents for meals and ten cents for cigars, "a scandalous amount." Invited to visit wealthy friends, he had to borrow a colleague's overcoat because his own was full of holes.

It was at this time that Freud fell

in love—at first sight—with Martha Bernays who had come to visit his sisters. He was a passionately jealous suitor, and did not simmer down until he could afford to wed Martha four years later. Immediately, he set out to win a reputation for himself. Perhaps he was in too much of a hurry. For Freud made the serious blunder of going all out for a “magical” new pain-killer extracted from coca leaves, without sufficient clinical tests. Convinced the substance was harmless, he recommended it to his patients and the medical profession.

The substance was the narcotic, cocaine. And soon reports were rife that a number of patients, including one of Freud’s best friends, had become addicts.

DID THIS tragic experience have anything to do with turning Freud away from conventional medicine? Certainly the first hints of psychoanalysis can be traced to this period, when Freud, who had specialized in neurology, recognized that most of his patients were afflicted with mysterious nervous disorders which neither he nor any other physician could really heal. An entirely new technique was imperative.

An important step in the gradual evolution of this technique arose from a case treated, with the aid of hypnosis, by a close friend, Dr. Josef Breuer. The patient told Dr. Breuer she had been sitting at her sick father’s bedside and fell asleep, with her arm hanging over the back of the chair. When she awoke, the arm felt paralyzed, and she had been un-

able to move it ever since. Dr. Breuer was amazed to note that while the hypnotized girl was telling this story, the paralysis disappeared.

To explore the connection between memories and neuroses, Freud also tried hypnotizing his patients. (The analyst’s couch is an inheritance from those days.) Some cases were improved but, in others, symptoms had a way of coming back.

Still searching, he arrived at a completely radical concept in 1892. The clue came when he interrupted a woman patient to ask a question, and she scolded him for breaking into her train of thought. He took the hint. From then on, he made increasing use of the famous “free association” approach, in which the patient is encouraged to talk continuously and say whatever comes into his mind.

But his most sensational and controversial conclusion was yet to come. This was that sex was at the root of neurotic troubles. Freud, a child of the Victorian Age, resisted the notion for years. He had been genuinely shocked the first time a gynecologist asked him to treat an emotionally disturbed patient, with the casual remark that only a healthy sex life could cure her. He had heard similar remarks earlier from Dr. Breuer and the great French neurologist and hypnotist, Jean Charcot. But, despite his embarrassment, Freud followed up such insights regarding sex and neurosis, while the others never did.

More concrete evidence came in 1882 with an incident that happened to Dr. Breuer. One evening near the end of Breuer’s treatment

of a long-time patient, she had a dramatic relapse. She suffered the throes of an imagined childbirth and claimed he was the father. (Breuer fled from her house, and never came back!)

Freud himself once had a patient who threw her arms around his neck and declared her love passionately. In less demonstrative ways, patient after patient revealed that deep-seated sexual memories, real or imagined, often played a role in their disorders.

The real break-through came only after Freud followed a time-honored bit of advice—"Physician, heal thyself." And the Viennese physician needed healing. He was tormented by throbbing migraine headaches, obscure stomach upsets and persistent nasal catarrh. He also had a morbid fear of traveling on trains, and an exaggerated fear of death.

Freud recognized that he himself was a mental case and realized no other doctor could treat his malady.

After agonizing hours of self-analysis in his offices, he found that his fear of train rides started when he was only three years old and his family left Freiburg. He remembered the train passed through a city lit by gas-jet lamps, and the flames had reminded him of "souls burning in hell." Deeper probing revealed he had feared he was losing his home; that it seemed to be the end of everything, a death of a kind. His fear of trains and dying dated from that remote event.

Until the last years of his life, Freud spent half an hour a day psychoanalyzing himself. But the main ordeal lasted from 1897 to 1901, and

he emerged a new man: "I am a *conquistador*—an adventurer . . . with the curiosity, the boldness and the tenacity that belongs to that type of being." During the next two decades he produced about 75 books and other writings—including one of his greatest works, "Three Essays On the Theory of Sexuality."

Another great work, "The Interpretation of Dreams" had appeared in 1900.

Released from the worst chains of his neurosis, Freud became the first to storm and conquer a vast new world of the mind. Imagine a massive iceberg floating on some troubled sea. The part above the surface represents the conscious mind. But Freud concluded this was only a fraction of the whole. To him, the invisible bulk of the ice-mountain represented the Unconscious, the source of primitive cravings and wishes. Thus he believed we literally do not know our own minds; that all of us, ailing and healthy, are driven by powerful hidden urges.

Such urges, he said, were primarily sexual, a point he summarized in one of his most famous statements: "No neurosis is possible with a normal sex life." He also found that our basic behavior patterns, the expressions of our desires, were formed at an age when we could do nothing about it; that we are what we are because of things that happened in early childhood.

These ideas shocked the world. People dominated by Victorian attitudes considered the open discussion of sex outrageous. At one medical meeting, Freud was interrupted re-

peatedly by hoots and derisive laughter. Some critics regarded psychoanalysis as "pornography," and much worse. But Freud kept on writing and treating.

Recognition did not come in America until he was 53, when Clark University in Worcester, Massachusetts, invited Freud to lecture in 1909 and gave him an honorary degree. His reputation continued to grow from then on. And what had started as Vienna's "Psychological Wednesday Society," the original group of Freudians, developed into an international movement. Some of Freud's closest associates, however, did not believe in the primary importance of sex, and left him to form groups of their own. Such "betrayals" have not stemmed the rising tide of psychoanalysis.

Only about 600 analysts have private practices in the United States, and the demand far exceeds the supply. They are being called on increasingly to treat victims of major mental disease and juvenile delinquents, as well as neurotic patients.

Modern methods of bringing up

and educating children, methods derived from Freud's teachings, are helping to produce more normal adults. And people following trails that Freud blazed have developed surrealism in art, psychosomatic medicine, novels and motion pictures emphasizing deep psychological motives—even advertising campaigns designed to make thousands of items more attractive. And this is only the beginning. Research on the mind is proceeding at an astonishing pace.

But, while Freud lived to see his ideas accepted, his last years were not happy ones. He was permitted to leave Vienna when Hitler moved in, only after American and English analysts had raised thousands of dollars to pay a "debt" which the Nazis claimed was due them. The Nazis banned psychoanalysis, and burned his books; and, in 1939, Freud died of cancer of the jaw—an exile in a house in Hampstead, England.

But it was merely the death and exile of the man. His scientific spirit has found a home everywhere and remains immortal.

On Being Eight



WHEN YOU ARE EIGHT years old and the moon scurries behind dark clouds, and the leaves in the gutters smolder from recent bonfires, and the pavements of the village echo to running feet, and the hoot of the owl seems to hover in the brisk air that whisks down from the cemetery, laden with the odor of ghosts, witches and hobgoblins and black cats, and the trees sway and creak and the whole world is mysterious; when you are eight years old and these things you recognize, then you hold all the romance and adventure of the universe closer than it will ever come to you again.

—R. A. SWANK, "C.A.V.A." *Record*, (Duncannon, Penn.)



LET'S CONTROL THE PRIVATE EYE

Our lax laws permit unscrupulous agents to hound and bully you, to tap your phone and violate your privacy

by THEODORE IRWIN

AN ATTRACTIVE 23-year-old girl was quietly reading in her Chicago apartment recently when the doorbell rang and a hard voice outside announced, "I'm from downtown. Detective Jones. I want to talk to you."

Puzzled, the girl we'll call Grace Cranston released the latch and a burly, florid-faced man pushed into the room.

"Sit down and listen to me," he ordered, flashing an official-looking badge. "I know all about you. Your father back home, the Reverend John Cranston, has forbidden you to marry a man named Philip Scolam. But you've been seeing Phil and he's bought you a ring. You don't want your old man to know—he's pretty sick and the news might kill him. Let's you and I make a deal."

This was the "deal": Miss Cranston was secretary to the president of a large chemical firm. All she had to do was to obtain a copy of papers describing a new process which cut production costs by 20 per cent.

The "detective," a "private eye" whose client was a rival company, had picked the lock of the girl's apartment, discovered Phil's letters and had them photostated.

But the deal never went through. The loyal secretary told her father the whole story to forestall the threatened blackmail. Yet, to avoid notoriety, she did not inform the police and the private detective was left free to continue his illegal practices.

Throughout the nation, shocking invasions of privacy and violations of

our constitutional right to be secure against unreasonable searches and seizures are occurring with alarming frequency. In this Age of Investigation, an unprecedented demand for "confidential information" has boomed the business of private eyes.

About 3,500 private detective agencies, employing more than 150,000 agents, operate in the United States today. While the activities of most of these consist of routine legitimate business matters, illegal shenanigans are being perpetrated by a horde of fringe investigators—called "fly-by-nights"—with headquarters in a cubbyhole, phone booth or "in their hat."

Publishers of the "Detective Blue Book," the standard international directory of approved detective agencies, admit that they have refused to list a large number of working detectives for reasons of "morals, lack of business ethics, poor credit standing, etc."

TO THE average person, a private detective with a state or city license has the weight of law enforcement behind him. Actually, however, he is not a "semi-official cop" and citizens needn't be awed by credentials or a glimpse of a gun in an underarm holster.

Under the New York State law licensing private investigators, they are empowered to protect persons and property; probe into the character of employees, financial responsibility of businesses and insurance applicants; investigate crimes, missing persons, credibility of witnesses, causes of fires and accidents, and "the identity, habits, conduct, move-

ments, whereabouts, affiliations, associations, transactions, reputation or character of any person, organization, firm or corporation . . ."

That covers a lot of ground, yet nothing in the law deals with methods and practices, or just how far a private eye can go. Presumably he is expected, like anyone else, to abide by the penal code; refrain from dishonest acts, assault, battery, impersonating a law enforcement officer or disturbing the peace; and to respect the civil rights of the citizenry.

He has no power of arrest, other than that of the average person who sees a crime committed in his presence.

One privilege a private detective enjoys is to shadow or "tail" you in the course of his duties. If you're aware you're being followed and call a policeman, he can't help you much. You'd have to prove the surveillance has become an annoyance to the point that it is a disturbance of the peace.

Knowing this, the private "op" too often abuses the surveillance privilege. When Iles Brody was preparing his revealing book, "Gone with the Windsors," he was visited by a private detective retained by a millionaire friend of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. After the author refused to destroy his manuscript, he became the target of a vicious "rough shadowing" campaign.

He was jostled violently on the street and whenever he was in a crowd, awakened by anonymous phone calls in the middle of the night, subjected to assorted bullying tactics. One of his tormentors frank-

ly told Brody that his client had once driven a man to suicide.

The author left town and went into hiding.

A variety of intimidation tactics are employed in attempts to influence witnesses and jurors in pending trials. And no one can be considered immune to "treatment" dished out by unprincipled private eyes.

Several months ago, a dentist in Cleveland stepped into a drug-store phone booth to call his son, a teen-ager in trouble. Two days later, the dentist received a visit from a private detective who offered to help him solve the boy's problem—for a fee.

How had the private eye heard about it? It seems that he had been tapping that phone booth, used by the two-timing husband of a client. So the fly-by-night listened in on other conversations to drum up new business.

Often, all an investigator has to do is walk into an office carrying a brief case, say, "I'm from Washington, let me see your books," and business secrets are opened to him. Or he may display his badge, covering the word "Private" with his thumb so it will read, "Detective, State of _____."

Misrepresentation and bribery, for the fly-by-nights, are stock techniques. A few weeks ago, the district attorney in an eastern city received complaints that romantic young couples parked in "lovers' lanes" were being threatened with

arrest by a man who flashed a badge and said he was a "detective." For \$10 or so he'd forget about their "immoral conduct." It turned out the "detective" was a licensed private eye picking up extra money.

Thus, with these and countless other chicaneries, an undercover police force of unscrupulous fly-by-nights is prying into the private lives of Americans. The startling aspect of the situation is that many of these men are *licensed*, with little or no control over their activities by authorities—local, state or Federal.

In some parts of the country, anyone can become a private detective for a few dollars.

New York State law requires an applicant to have seen service in a Federal or state investigative agency, as a sheriff, or on a municipal police force where he must have had a rank above patrolman for at least three years. But even if a would-be private eye has been convicted of a felony or certain misdemeanors, he may be acceptable if he has a good-conduct certificate from a parole board.

He pays \$200 a year, puts up a bond and is handed an impressive badge, a handsome certificate and a gun permit. There are no written examinations, no educational requirements, though the applicant's fingerprints are checked. It's harder to become a licensed barber or beautician.

Employees of a detective agency—and several have over 100 opera-

THE JAMES DEAN CULT

In a fanatic effort to glorify their idol, teen-age fans are creating the most bizarre legend ever to surround a screen hero. What was James Dean's mysterious appeal?
IN NOVEMBER
CORONET

tives on their staffs—need no license. In New York State, all they submit are fingerprints, two statements of their employment record in the preceding three years, and five character vouchers.

Only 20 states license private investigators. In five states no license at all is needed. In the remainder, detectives may be licensed by cities or townships but enforcement of these local ordinances are lax. Few states or local authorities make more than a token check of an applicant's credentials.

Clearly, there's a pressing need to tighten up the licensing procedure drastically if the Gestapo-like private eye is to be controlled. Some states have already started to do so. In California, for instance, 67 licenses were canceled or not renewed in the first eight months of last year. "Unlawful entry into private premises for the purposes of taking photographs" was one of the most frequent

reasons for the disciplinary action.

Carmine De Sapio, New York's Secretary of State, has presented a comprehensive program to the legislature which included the following recommendations: Elimination of all private detective badges (only an identification card will be issued); licensing of every agency employee; rigid safeguards against wiretapping and use of other electronic equipment; and a written examination for all applicants.

Reputable agencies, represented by the Associated Licensed Detectives of New York State, are also urging reform in the licensing laws in an effort to get rid of the fly-by-nights in the profession. But whether this upsurge of promised purification will turn out to be mere shadow-boxing may depend largely on public action. An aroused and articulate citizenry, determined to guard its constitutional rights, can do much to eliminate the evil "eye."

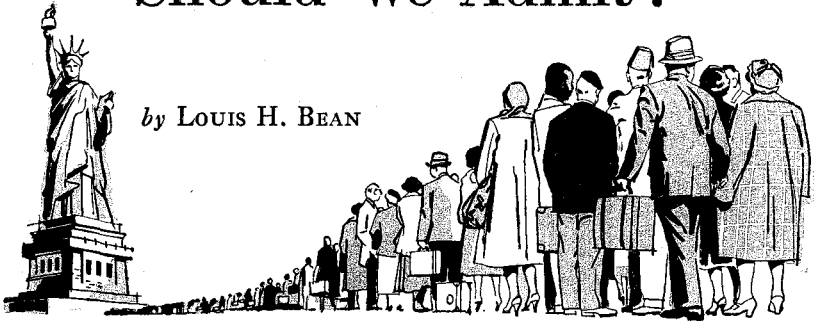
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Ego Destroyers

(Answers to quiz on page 85)

1. NOT FUNNY: fAcEtIOUs.
2. SOUND LOGIC: The passenger's story contains no contradiction. The second explosion can be explained in this way:
When the explosion occurred, the passenger's ears were under water (back stroke). Sound travels through water almost 5 times faster than through air. When the man heard the explosion *under water*, he quickly raised his head to see what had happened. He then heard the same explosion a second time—the sound now brought to him through the medium of *air*.
3. EYE MINDED: Who, me? Yes, You! You should know the color of your own eyes.
4. ODD AND EVEN: They both had answered all questions correctly.

How Many Immigrants Should We Admit?



by LOUIS H. BEAN

We should admit ten times as many as now, says this expert, proving that the harsh provisions of our quota system have dealt us a \$35 billion blow

BEFORE WORLD WAR I, more than a million immigrants came to our shores annually. Today, the law permits only 155,000 to enter the U.S. every year.

This drastic cut concerns you—regardless of whether you, your parents or your forefathers were born here or abroad. For the economic strength of this country, which concerns you directly, has been seriously affected.

In view of this, how many immigrants should be permitted to come

to America to match our great resources and our job opportunities, to say nothing of our obligation to serve as a haven for the oppressed and those seeking economic and political security?

What have been the economic effects of the arbitrary immigration restrictions imposed in 1924 and again in more recent years? If you don't know, you are one of a vast company, including the best informed in the land.

I listened recently to witnesses testify before the Senate Judiciary Sub-Committee on Immigration. They included labor leaders, churchmen, statesmen. All were testifying about the need to amend the harsh provisions of the Walter-McCarran

Louis H. Bean is the well-known Washington economist who upset the political pollsters when he predicted President Truman's re-election in 1952.

Act governing the admission of refugees, and the need for modifying the "nationality origins" quotas, which are based on the nationality make-up of our population in 1920 (yes, 1920).

Some witnesses pointed out that at that time many Americans were afraid that unchecked immigration would add to post-war unemployment; others were prejudiced against Catholics, Jews and South Europeans in favor of Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians. But, believe it or not, while all agreed that the figure of 155,000 per year was too low, they didn't know—even the Chairman of the Committee didn't know—how many immigrants it would be economically appropriate to allow to enter. All felt that a figure of 200,000 to 250,000 would be preferable to the present figure.

Listening, one had the feeling that no one *dared* say we should open our gates to a larger number of immigrants for fear of criticism.

I suspect the real reason for this failure to think in larger immigration terms is that no one has seriously attempted to answer the question as to what the number should be, or what our restriction policies have actually done to the income, wealth and strength of this country. This failure is the more amazing since the task is relatively simple and the answer quite obvious. The record fairly shouts it.

The record shows that this country has enjoyed great waves of prosperity; and that with each wave of expansion and the growth of both old and new industries there were comparable waves of immigrants

who helped make these prosperity periods possible. There have also been succeeding periods of business depression which cut down the flow of immigrants.

Since the country grew in population, resources and job opportunities, every succeeding wave of immigration reached a higher total: in the 1850s, about 400,000 came each year; in the '80s, about 700,000; in the first decade of this century, more than 1,000,000. In the great prosperity of the 1920s, following World War I, we were headed for well over that; but the restriction acts of 1924 and 1929 prevented it.

Similarly, every succeeding depression shows a falling off. Yet, even these reduced numbers showed a rising trend from one depression to the next. In that of the 1930s, the number of immigrants should normally have fallen to about 400,000; but as a result of our restrictions it fell to the near vanishing point, below 30,000.

In the light of this record, we should today be bringing in well over 2,000,000 immigrants a year. Actually, we are bringing in just about a tenth of that figure.

In case 2,000,000 strikes you as an enormous quota, bear in mind that throughout our history, as we grew from a few million persons in 1800 to nearly 100,000,000 before World War I, immigrants added on the average about 1 per cent annually to our population. In good years, it was about 1¼ per cent. That is how our economy was built. Today we have a population of around 167,000,000. And 1¼ per cent of that total is approximately 2,000,000.

That figure, then, is what our immigration goal should be for 1956, or close to ten times what everyone is talking about.

I am not urging that we should immediately start bringing in 2,000,000 immigrants a year. But I do say that our country is now big enough, and rich enough in land and other resources and in job opportunities, to add immigrants to our population at the normal historic rate. Furthermore, in the next decade our production total is going to rise by 40 per cent from the present level of \$400,000,000,000. It would rise more with more immigrants.

A NATION is as big, as wealthy and as powerful as the sum total of its active manpower applied to its physical resources. Manpower and capital have always been the two great dynamic forces in our ever growing standard of living. And when we speak of manpower we also mean buying and consuming power for, as everyone knows, the more people earning wages and salaries and profits, the greater the demand or buying power.

Therefore, to the extent that this nation chokes off the growth of its manpower, to that extent it also chokes off its economic growth. Which leads to the conclusion that we have actually paid a heavy price for permitting the immigrant flow to drop to its present low level.

Here are some of the great losses we have suffered. We should today have an additional population of over 17,000,000 persons. With that additional population we would have about 7,000,000 more workers

in the labor force and therefore, with present prosperity conditions, about that many more jobs.

With that additional labor force and those extra jobs, we would be producing more goods and services; the national income would be about \$35,000,000,000 greater, including \$15,000,000,000 more in wages and salaries and \$3,000,000,000 more in cash farm income. With these additional persons to feed and clothe, the farm surpluses now plaguing the economy would not have grown to their present magnitude.

In addition, we would now have about 500,000 more firms, some large but mostly little, engaged in manufacturing, construction, wholesale and retail trade, in services and finance, and the great variety of jobs that go with them.

Practically every region and every state shares in these lost economic opportunities. New England, now struggling to keep pace with the rest of the economy, would today enjoy a national market for its new as well as for its long-established industries about 11 per cent greater than it is.

The South would have an even vaster outlet for the products it seeks to market. Because it is in the northern and western states that the bulk of the additional population would have settled. The midwestern states, with larger populations fed by more immigrants than in recent years, would, like New England, be sharing more fully in the economic growth of the country than they are now.

These are only some of the costs we are paying. There are many others. For example, one effect of the legal restrictions of the 1920s

and of the great economic depression of the '30s was a smaller total labor force with which to wage World War II. Had our total population not been held down, we would have had more manpower—and our enemies less. And not only would this have shortened the war, but it would have cut our casualties and the money cost of the war, and left us with a smaller national debt.

On a national as well as on a state basis, the cost of our population loss in potential production and national income is enormous. By the end of 1955 our national production, valued at about \$400,000,000,000, would have been greater by 11 per cent, or \$44,000,000,000. Hence as a nation of consumers, we would have had more personal income and would be buying more goods and services. Wage and salary earners, because there would be more of them, would be receiving more in their pay envelopes. With immigrants settling chiefly in the urban centers, farmers would have gained most for they would be getting more per capita from the sale of farm products to the larger number of employed workers and other consumers.

The failure to maintain our population growth at the potential level has also had the effect of holding down opportunities for 500,000 private enterprises. This figure is arrived at by noting these facts: Ever since we became a predominantly industrial nation, particularly since 1900, the number of business firms

in operation has increased with total population. For every 1,000 persons in the population of 1890, our economy provided opportunities for 24.6 active business firms. By 1929, we needed 25.5 business firms per 1,000 of population and by 1949 the number had risen to 26.6.

If our population had been permitted to reach its potential of 184,000,000 in 1955, we would in that year have had another 500,000 firms, big and little, in addition to the 4,000,000 actually in operation.

Although I have purposely stressed only the hard economic facts that emerge from our policy of immigration restriction, I am also keenly aware of the great human problems that the Walter-McCarran Act of 1952 and President Eisenhower's Refugee Relief Act of 1953 have created with their harsh exclusive provisions. Others have dealt militantly with these problems and I have joined them in urging that the U.S. resume the role it so long played as the land of the free and the home of the brave—and again give reality to the words inscribed long ago on our Statue of Liberty:

*"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning
to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your
teeming shore,
Send these, the homeless,
tempest-tossed, to me:
I lift my lamp beside the golden
door."*

THERE'S ONE THING about money. It may not buy you more friends—
but it does attract a better class of enemy.

—Tit-Bits

GODSPEED



by BUD GREENSPAN

IN THE SUMMER of 1924, Eric Liddell, a young Scot studying for the ministry, faced two of the greatest moments of his life. Not only was he a few months away from being ordained as a servant of God, but, also, he was favored to bring glory to England in the 100-meter dash at the Olympic Games in Paris.

Quiet, unassuming, Liddell went about his studies at the ministerial school, followed by gruelling hours of practice on the athletic field, with intent seriousness. For he was a firm believer that man existed for God and country, and that service to both was his mission in life.

A few weeks before the Games began, Liddell was shocked to learn that the preliminary race in his specialty had been scheduled for a *Sunday afternoon*. His religious principles would not allow him to compete on the Sabbath.

The young Scot nevertheless continued his daily schedule of study and practice on the athletic field, but with one major change. In the past, at the end of the day's activities, he had joined his classmates in the usual after-hour discussions that went on far into the night. Now, however, he left after the evening meal and returned to his room hours later, tired and spent. His friends were perplexed, for never once did the athlete reveal where he went.

A few weeks later, the whole world knew what Eric Liddell had been doing. While his friends were unhappy for him over the peculiar trick of fate that cost him the chance to compete in his favorite event in the Olympic Games, Liddell had been training for a different event. One that would take place *during the week* and not interfere with his Sabbath. An event that called for an entirely different type of speed and endurance.

Learning of his great effort, the sports world thrilled when Eric Liddell took his place on the winner's platform to receive the Gold Medal as Olympic 400-meter champion. The record performance that won it for him stands among the great individual achievements of the Olympic Games.

Mentally, he was seducing every girl who attracted him—in the office, at parties, even on the street. In this candid report, he tells how these daydreams of conquest almost wrecked his marriage and explains . . .

"Why I Am Faithful"

by LEONARD ROBBINS

I HAVE NEVER been literally unfaithful to my wife. Yet, during a long period in our marriage, I betrayed her constantly. These betrayals were only in my imagination, so I considered them harmless.

Since then, however, I have become convinced that mental unfaithfulness on the husband's part is at the root of more misery in marriage than people realize. Actually, it can be worse than literal unfaithfulness. I learned this through unhappy experience.

Mental unfaithfulness seems to be epidemic among men, and is characterized by daydreams of promiscuity and sexual conquest, a general readiness to betray one's partner if the opportunity should arise, and an unshakable conviction that this attitude is the only "manly" one.

Psychiatrists, marriage counse-

lors, psychologists and lawyers who specialize in divorce are virtually unanimous in agreeing that this kind of unfaithfulness is a leading cause of marital discord and divorce.

One well-known marriage counselor puts it this way: "Male fantasies of sexual conquest outside the marriage are a wall between couples because of the boundless nature of the husband's imaginings. In his mind, he is a pasha and what pasha would not feel restless and dissatisfied in a monogamous suburb? A mental Don Juan obviously finds the reality of a devoted housewife and children not quite enough."

A prominent New York psychiatrist says: "The mental variety of unfaithfulness is often more destructive than actual infidelity because it is considered normal. An individual will often learn something from the

worry, guilt, and lack of real fulfillment in an actual infidelity and return to his marriage with a renewed vow to commit himself fully to his wife. Since mental unfaithfulness is not recognized by men as a factor which bars success in marriage, its destructive influence is ignored."

And how does this affect the wife?

A leading psychologist explains: "A wife has a severe reaction even though she is not consciously aware of mental unfaithfulness in her husband. She will pull back from the relationship and—without knowing why, but sensing her insecure position—refuse to attempt to make the marriage flourish."

Authorities agree that guilt on the man's part at his readiness to betray his wife is the basis of his marital unhappiness; and that, generally, *he does not know that he is suffering from this guilt.*

Men in this position regard the absence of a wish to have an affair with another woman as vaguely suspicious. Their arguments defending the right to be promiscuous are always consistent and vigorous.

They claim that faithfulness is impossible to man. That he is by nature a polygamous animal. That for a man to resign himself to a monogamous existence could be actually dangerous: he'd be denying his really masculine impulses and that would take its toll on him in some way or other. That psychological unfaithfulness is always the result of an unhappy marriage, *never* the cause.

I had used the same kind of rationalization, of pseudoscientific

logic, in my own case. And it had come close to destroying my marriage.

Even when I finally admitted that my marriage was in danger, I had no knowledge of what the basic cause might be. All that I knew was that what had once seemed infinitely pleasing between us had disappeared. Restless dissatisfaction plagued our evenings and weekends together.

A mawkish "love affair" was the event that began to open my eyes. It stayed permanently on first base and was a furtive, futile and pointless little thing, essentially meaningless to us both. But I was delighted with it. It was the stuff my daydreams were made of—at least in part.

Our secret meetings at out of the way cocktail bars and restaurants made me feel like quite a man. When I wasn't with her I thought of her constantly, laid dark plans for seducing her. With her, I used the word "love" loosely and bravely and frequently. I was obsessed with the magnificence of my feelings, their importance, and I definitely began to think of divorce.

And then came the pathetic end. She was a research assistant in a nationwide cosmetic company and she accepted an offer to transfer to a department in a city nearly 100 miles away.

But, though I had imagined myself hopelessly in love with her, the moment she was out of sight, she was out of my mind. I realized that when, the day after she left, I found myself trying to figure out a way to justify calling up her attractive room-

mate and asking for a lunch date.

It was after this that I began to notice how fully I had given myself over to daydreams of sexual conquest. A pretty girl in the office, at a party, even on the street, would start my uncensored fantasy life going; and, whenever it was remotely possible, I would plan to do something about it.

The plans were futile plans, and came to nothing. But they were always there. How much of my waking energy went into them began to astonish me. Then a dramatic event threw everything into agonizingly clear focus.

MY WIFE AND I were startled late one winter evening by the doorbell. There, with only a coat over her nightgown, was my wife's best friend. She had just discovered that her husband had been unfaithful, and had walked the two miles from her house to ours in a daze of misery.

I had never seen at first hand the devastation unfaithfulness can cause in another person. It was terrifying. For the first time, I realized the awful power a person holds over another who loves him.

That marriage never recovered. The wife did return and try, and it dragged on for another year. But it was hopeless.

This event dramatized for me the tragic potentialities in my own thoughts and actions. I was scared and confused. And it was in this frame of mind that I decided to talk to the one man whose marriage, I knew from first hand, had been happy—my father. It was the most

profitable evening I've ever spent.

My father was not a man to bandy words. "I'd say the solution is simple. It's clearly a question of making up your mind about being faithful," he said. "You don't really still think your imaginary affairs are any less faithless than actual infidelity, do you? Every man has to decide whether he's going to be really faithful to his wife or not. And until you make up your mind, your marriage hasn't a chance."

"But aren't you mixing up cause and effect?" I asked, defensively. "A man thinks about other women because his marriage is unhappy. Not vice versa."

He leaned toward me and spoke with as much intensity as I have ever heard him use. "I once thought the same thing," he said. "But it's a fake. A phony. As long as a man only gives his wife a mechanical and grudging fidelity, there is no marriage. Nor anything like it.

"If you'll watch your own mind, you'll find out why. The man who is ready to betray his wife has to draw back from her because he feels guilty toward her. He may not know he does. But he does. And the more sensitive a man he is, the guiltier he feels. For, in his heart, he knows that betrayal is the deepest attack a man can make on a woman. That knowledge is like a wall between him and her. He can't scale it and neither can she."

His practical wisdom with its simple truth struck me with the shock of recognition.

"It's a curious thing," he went on. "A man who can give a real moral commitment to his wife, who really



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means it when he says 'forsaking all others,' is always amazed. He thinks it's going to be difficult for him to live up to it. But, if he really means it, he's in for one of the pleasantest surprises of his life."

He smiled, half in challenge, half in reminiscence.

That night I promised myself that I would give my wife my entire faithfulness. And the moment I made that decision I had the beginnings of a curious sense of inner freedom. It was as if I had suddenly thrown off a burdensome and nagging guilt that I had not known I felt.

It was a wonderful feeling. And, as day followed day, it deepened and spread.

I was astonished at the completeness of this reaction in myself. I had had no notion of the toll my mental unfaithfulness had exacted.

And, with the guilt gone, my feelings toward my wife did an abrupt turnabout. Being faithful to her was no longer an onerous duty. Now I *wanted* to be faithful. Too, I felt more in love with her than I had ever been before, in a deeper and more abiding sense than I had ever known.

The effect on her was immediate and complete response. I have never seen anything like it. She sensed my

inner change, and it was as if, for her, the sun had appeared on a dismal, hopeless day.

Her discontents disappeared, and with them a nagging backache she had had for a year. We started once more to play golf on Saturday afternoons, to work together in our neglected garden.

It was as if my faithfulness gave me an inner strength to which she responded with ever greater intensity. And I, in turn, answered her increasing response.

In the days of my restless dissatisfaction with marriage, I had justified my wandering eye with the belief that man needs variety. How right I was in my contention and how wrong in the method by which I thought I could achieve it. For, with the new security she found in my inward change, my wife blossomed forth with a variety that was as astonishing as it was delightful.

It was as though I had owned a preciously wrought musical instrument and had played nothing upon it except chopsticks. Now, with increasing pleasure, I learned that a mature woman's whole experience of tenderness and sex is wrapped up in the man she is willing to wed.

By simply giving her the security to realize her potentialities, she was

willing and able to return it a thousandfold in richness and depth. No casual encounter could possibly hope to compete with such returns.

One day my wife, who has a boyish figure for which she had often been apologetic, said to me, "Even Jane Russell wouldn't worry me now."

I knew *exactly* what she meant. "I haven't worried about my job for months," I replied, and she knew exactly what *I* meant.

Our mutual trust had allowed us to drop the protective guards we had firmly kept about our individual feelings of inadequacy, our self-doubts, our fears. Now we had so much between us that the things and values of the material world had lost their power to injure us or cause us anxiety.

And now a real miracle happened—my wife discovered she was pregnant.

When we were married, five doctors had told her that she would not be able to bear children. I have heard that love can do wonders, and I am willing to credit this wonder to it.

The words of the service by which my wife and I were married had been empty of all but their most formal meaning to me on my wedding day:

"May you be strength to each other in all endeavor, comfort to each other in all sorrow, joy to each other as guardians of the holy flame of love."

I *was* such a guardian now, for I had come to know the truth and beauty of those words.

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AUTOPSIES:

WHY THEY'RE NECESSARY

by EVAN McLEOD WYLIE

Because of prejudice and misconception, the key to many a medical mystery is buried with the dead. Here's why a post-mortem performed today may save lives in the future

IN A PRIVATE reception room of a large cancer hospital, a white-coated young physician talks gently but earnestly with a bereaved mother and father. Four months ago, while mowing the front lawn, their 23-year-old son, Kenneth, felt a sudden pain in his right leg.

A few weeks later the condition, diagnosed as a rapidly spreading form of cancer, had reached his hip. This morning, after making a remarkable response to a new drug treatment, the boy suddenly went into a deep coma and died.

Now the young doctor who was in charge of this treatment is trying to persuade the parents to permit an autopsy. After initial resistance, the father has assented. But the request is too much for the grief-stricken mother.

"Absolutely not," she sobs. "He's suffered enough. Let someone else be experimented upon; not my Kenny!"

The doctor gives up. He steps out into the corridor shaking his head. "No one knows better than the nurses and doctors on this floor how much that kid wanted to live," he tells himself sadly. "We know the fight he put up — we saw him make it.

"I've been trying to make his parents understand that it is important that we find out why he died so suddenly. The new drugs that helped him put up his battle cost thousands of dollars and years of effort, but that's not the point. What we need to know is just what effect did they have on his cancer? Why did they suddenly stop working? Did they

have anything to do with his death?

"The only way we could get those answers is with an autopsy. Now he'll carry them with him to his grave. And we will still be uncertain when we use the drugs on another patient tomorrow."

The post-mortem medical procedure known as an autopsy continues to be one of the most feared and misunderstood practices of medicine. Even today, it is cloaked in mystery and confused by prejudice and misconception. One of the most difficult tasks that befalls a doctor is persuading grief-stricken relatives to give their permission for an autopsy.

In too many instances, families refuse permission through lack of awareness of the tremendously important role played by autopsies in making possible many medical advances and raising the standards of medical practice.

The New York Academy of Medicine recently admitted concern over the decline in the number performed in hospitals in the New York area. Clinicians engaged in research regard failure to obtain post-mortem permission as one of the most critical problems that they are facing today.

"Not nearly enough people realize that the autopsy performed today may save their own or their children's lives," a medical authority explains. "Much of the medical knowledge doctors and surgeons use in everyday practice has been derived in large part from post-mortem studies. With them, we are bringing about the elimination or control of many of the once deadly diseases."

Autopsies on victims of cancer, he points out, have revealed patterns in the spread of different forms of the disease. From these studies have come new, dramatically successful operations that prevent or control its spread. Autopsy studies of battle casualties in Korea revealed extraordinary facts about heart disease that never before had been suspected.

Not long ago, parents thrilled to the news that a new surgical treatment was saving the lives of "blue babies" who formerly were doomed to certain death by improperly developed circulatory systems. Not many realized that this new operation would never have been attempted if the circulatory fault that caused the blue baby's condition and a means of repairing it had not been revealed by autopsies.

Two common misconceptions about autopsies are: 1) they involve dissection of the entire body, and 2) doctors just want to "carve up" everybody that dies.

Actually, there is no mutilation, and pathologists emphasize that autopsies should be requested when there is a good and sufficient justification for an examination to reveal the cause of sudden, inexplicable death, to find the response of the body to new medical treatment or to gather data for research connected with a specific disease.

Autopsies are usually performed by a pathologist—a physician who devotes his life to the laboratory study of diseases. Pathologists are often called the "watchdogs of medicine" because their investigations not only disclose the cause of death

but frequently throw light on the whole medical management of the patient.

At a hospital staff conference, usually held several weeks after the autopsy, various doctors who had a hand in treating the patient summarize their diagnoses and treatments, and state their opinions as to the cause of death. Then the pathologist presents what he found to be the key factors involved in the fatal illness. In this way hospitals are afforded a continual check on their staff's effectiveness.

When might an autopsy be requested and how does a pathologist go about performing one?

Take the case of a middle-aged schoolteacher whose brother has just succumbed suddenly following surgery. "Isn't it perfectly clear that my brother died from his operation?" she asked. "Why is it necessary to perform an autopsy?"

"On the contrary, Mrs. Dodds, we're not sure that the operation did cause his death," the doctor replies. "In your brother's case, as in a lot of autopsies, the post-mortem examination may provide another answer or additional medical information that may be quite unexpected. It might, for example, reveal a family susceptibility to certain diseases that it would benefit you to know about."

After a moment's hesitation, the teacher gives her consent.

What follows is standard autopsy procedure. Attendants transfer the deceased brother's body to a private

room in the hospital's pathology laboratory. After donning surgical gown and rubber gloves, the pathologist—himself a doctor—dictates to his assistant a description of the general physical condition of the body, noting any irregularities.

Then a midline abdominal incision is made from chest to pelvis.

Each vital organ is examined carefully for evidence of disease or complications resulting from disease. Tiny samples of fluid, tissue and bone are taken and deposited in bottles of preservative. In the days that follow, a full study of these samples

of body cells will be made under microscopes.

The countenance of the deceased is not touched.

The pathologist makes a detailed study of the site of the surgery and the internal organs it involved. He finds all sutures intact and no sign of post-operative infection.

Judging by the evidence, the patient should have recovered eventually. So neither the surgeon nor the sister need feel that the operation was the cause of death.

Searching further, the pathologist's trained eye picks up a clue. With great care, he follows a trail from one blood vessel to another until he dissects out the main vessel of the lung. A snip of the scissors reveals an elongated, reddish-blue mass blocking the passage of blood to the lung.

After a few minutes' further work to confirm his findings, the pa-



thologist states, "This man died of a pulmonary embolus caused by a thrombus (clot) in the femoral vein. We will, of course, complete the diagnosis with our laboratory studies."

The organs are carefully rearranged in the abdominal cavity, the incision closed and the body delivered to the family undertaker.

The autopsy has been performed by the pathologist under rigidly regulated conditions that closely parallel those of an operation. The only witnesses have been the pathologist's assistant and the doctors who treated the man before his death.

In no way will this or any other ordinary autopsy interfere with the funeral arrangements. No evidence of the post-mortem examination will be visible at the funeral ceremony. No extra charges should be made by the mortician.

Autopsies are aiding very specifically today in the treatments of heart and circulatory diseases. With the special consent of surviving relatives, certain healthy blood vessels are removed and preserved by a freezing-dehydration process in a "bank." Later, these vessels are transplanted into the circulatory systems of living persons to replace disease-damaged arteries.

Major amputations of the lower limbs can be avoided today through surgical replacement of defective arteries by bank-stored grafts. As more is learned about heart surgery, it is possible that these autopsy-obtained blood vessels may even come into use to repair the coronary artery which causes such a high percentage of heart attacks and sudden deaths.

During the Renaissance, when autopsies were first sanctioned, post-mortem studies opened the way to the great discoveries of anatomy and organic function and the effects on the internal organs of the body of various diseases. In our time and in the future, highly important new medical findings will continue to be revealed by autopsy. Without autopsies modern medicine would soon stagnate.

As Dr. A. Wilbur Duryee, President of the New York Heart Association and Heart Fund, states, "Doctors agree that the autopsy is a necessary procedure for improving clinical judgment. It is certainly also invaluable for research. It may thus be described as mankind's heritage to itself with a chain-like promise of longer and happier life for each succeeding generation."

Linked Locales

(Answers to quiz on page 75)

1. Day-ton; 2. Spring-field; 3. Cedar Rapids; 4. New-ark; 5. Nor-folk; 6. Chic-ago; 7. Man-chester; 8. August-a; 9. Bridge-port; 10. East Orange; 11. Dear-born; 12. Water-bury; 13. Tam-pa; 14. Little Rock; 15. Marble-head; 16. As-pen; 17. Lake-wood; 18. Flag-staff; 19. Bang-or; 20. Bar-re; 21. Sara-toga; 22. Green Bay; 23. Carbon-dale; 24. Elk-o; 25. Spartan-burg; 26. At-hens; 27. Ann Arbor; 28. Rah-way; 29. Po-mona.

WAY DOWN EAST

by MILTON WAYNE

JED HEYWOOD, captain of a sailing-vessel out of New Bedford, Massachusetts, found his last-minute preparations before casting off greatly hampered by his wife. "You'll be away so long again, Jed, so long," she cried. "I'd be able to bear up under it, if you'd only write me a letter. Just one ... please ... promise."

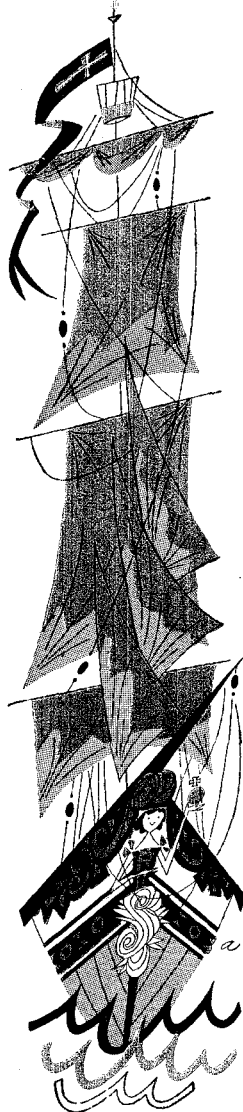
Grudgingly, Captain Heywood promised, hustled the lady ashore, and set sail. Fourteen months later, his wife tore open an envelope and excitedly pulled out a single sheet of paper. It was dated Hong Kong, and read: "Dear Lizzie Mae: I am here and you are there. J. Heywood."

IN THE OLD days, a deacon was an important man in New England. His words carried weight. When one such announced that he was receiving messages direct from the Lord, no one questioned him.

The good deacon received various communications and finally one instructing him to give his cows to the poor.

While proceeding to do so, a man who wanted to make sure he was not going to be overlooked came to the deacon and announced, "The Lord has sent me to you for a cow."

The deacon nodded.



"You shall have it. But which did the Lord say? A milch or a farrow?"

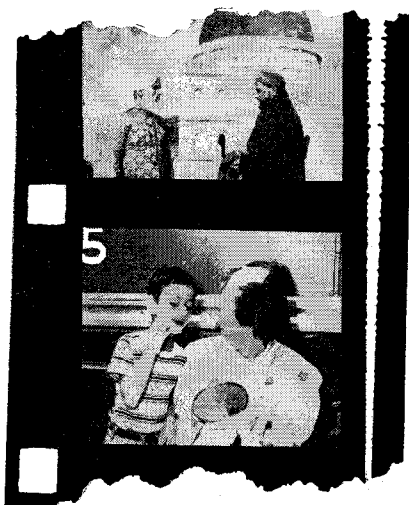
"It was a milch," the man answered.

"Then your message did not come from the Lord," he thundered. "I've already given away all my milch cows."

A CERTAIN colonial minister exhibited Yankee thriftiness even in his sermons. On taking over a new congregation, he preached the same sermon on three successive Sundays, after which a committee called on him with the pious hope that "he sing unto the Lord a new song."

The minister replied, "I see no evidence that the sermon I have preached has produced any effect. When the people begin to practice it, I shall be glad to preach another."

THE PIETY of Gilbert Miles, a Massachusetts minister, was matched only by his precision. On one occasion he prayed for an end to a drought thus: "O Lord, Thou knowest we do not want Thee to send a rain which shall pour down in fury and swell our streams and sweep away our haycocks and fences and bridges. Lord, we want it to come drizzle-drozzle, drizzle-drozzle for about a week. Amen."



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The Blind Man Who Saw

The old country doctor could not distinguish light from shadow . . . but his held a vision of Iowa's Depression plight—and inspired a novice artist to im-

by ROBERT TABOR

WHEN THE Great Depression of the 1930s got into full swing, everybody in the Iowa town where I lived was hit hard; but hardest of all, probably, was our town doctor. For Joseph Hugh McGrady, M.D., was blind.

Dr. Mac was a tall, wiry, sentimental Irishman who never gave up as long as the patient breathed. They tell how, in the days when he was still able to distinguish day from night, Dr. Mac took a trip to Dubuque to consult an eye specialist. On the way he stopped to call on an old doctor friend. While they chatted, it came out that a poor boy was dying of appendicitis, and there was no surgeon available to operate.

"Come on," Dr. Mac said, simply. "What are we waiting for?"

The old doctor remonstrated, pointing out that he himself was no surgeon and that Dr. Mac was certainly in no condition to operate.

"The boy is dying," Dr. Mac said. "If your nurse will give the anesthetic and you will make the initial incision, I will do the rest."

The operation was performed and a life saved. Dr. Mac was that kind of a man.

So when the Depression came, Dr. Mac fought on with the help of his nurse, Rose Sullivan, who acted as his eyes. There were still people to be saved.

The Depression took my own job and, like everybody else, I had very little money saved. The one thing I did have, however, was time—so I dug up an old set of oil paints, pasted some canvas on a board, and started killing time. That canvas ended up in the trash can, as did those that followed. But my wife Ruth and the children encouraged me by telling me how good I was getting.

One morning Ruth pointed out an item in the paper stating that the Government was offering to put the artists of the country to work decorating public buildings. She persuaded me to apply.

To my surprise, they put me on the payroll for a month's trial, during which I was to submit one easel

Success

mind's eye clearly be-
mortalize it on canvas



"Vendue," a painting by the author, done at the direction of a blind man, won nationwide honors.

piece. I had never attempted a full composition. I didn't know even the simplest rules of painting. But a month's work was a month's work.

It had long been a habit of mine to drop in on Dr. Mac for a chat and the next morning I told him about my painting job. "But," I added, "I haven't the foggiest idea what to paint."

For a long moment he sat silent, his sightless gaze fixed on something I could not see. Then he leaned forward, and there was an eagerness in his voice.

"Very well," he said. "You have been commissioned to paint a picture for our government. You are going to paint that picture. You have the right and it is your duty to tell our government—from the President on down—the plight of our Iowa farmers. You will paint a farm sale. Iowa today is just one big farm sale."

It was ridiculous, of course. But he pleaded, browbeat me—and in the end I told him I would try.

I collected material; I attended

sales and made sketches; I talked to farmers and heard their stories. Every day, I called on the doctor and we discussed the ideas that had come up and how they might be handled. It was desperately hard, slow, discouraging work.

Dr. Mac made me describe every detail. He asked endless questions about the barn I had put in, what the house looked like, how the people were grouped and what they were doing.

"That's great," he'd say. "That's telling the story. Our picture is going places. Wait and see."

That canvas became a nightmare. To make things tougher, the art project was now attracting national attention. Big names were getting into the competition for full-time jobs. Fifteen thousand pieces were expected to be submitted in a preliminary competition, with 500 to be selected for a national show at the Corcoran Gallery of Art in Washington.

The picture was finished at last. "But it hasn't even a name,"

I told Dr. Mac before I shipped it off. "Yes it has," he said. "It is called *Vendue*."

I didn't understand and asked what it meant.

"A sale by auction," he said.

At last the verdict came. But it meant too much. I couldn't open the letter. I handed it to Ruth. She ran her eyes down the page, hesitated, then read it again.

"Your painting is going to the big show at the Corcoran," she said, and started to cry.

Things moved fast after that. The show was news, and the doctor had me read all the items about it that I could find. Big names in art were mentioned, and I thrilled at the thought that *Vendue* was there.

The President himself opened the preview and I remembered Dr. Mac's words, "Tell them from the President on down . . ." I wondered if by any chance the President would notice my painting.

The big show opened. The papers carried lists of the pictures that were

being assigned to the State Department, the Department of Agriculture, the Treasury Department, and so on. *Vendue* was not mentioned—but we hadn't expected it to be, of course.

Ruth and I had just finished reading the last of the assignments when the telephone rang. I must have looked dazed as I hung up, for Ruth shook me and asked what the matter was.

"A reporter is coming," I said. "*Vendue*! It has been selected by the President to hang in the White House."

The rest is quickly told. *Vendue* was rated among the best 25 pictures in the show by many of the critics; among the top three by one. The director of the Museum of Modern Art said there was something in the picture that set it apart from all the others. He couldn't define what this something was, nor could the other critics. No one seemed to know what it was. But I did. The vision of a blind man had created *Vendue*.



Poor Professor

AN INDUSTRIAL FIRM seeking to hire bright college seniors took a group of them and one of their professors on a company-paid visit to some business sites. The businessmen reported back to their boss they hadn't been able to hire any of the seniors but they had signed up the professor.

—*Indianapolis Times*

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the most popular purveyor of dance music in the country.

In July, 1955, Welk's nervous grin faded in on a lot of TV viewers who had never heard of him or his toe-tapping beat. The low-budget show started off with an unremarkable Nielsen rating of 7.1. By the end of September, it was up to 25.3; today, Welk can boast an audience of around 30,000,000 viewers, far above those of any other network. And he has recently begun a second show, also on ABC-TV, this one for his teen-age fans.

Even this is not the full measure of Welk's powers. Two years ago, on a cool August night, his 21-piece band played for a dance at the Marine Air Facility Base in Santa Ana, California. The floor was the 7½-acre concrete of a blimp hangar, strewn with 2½ tons of cornmeal, and filled with the blare of 49 loudspeakers. A world's record 51,092 dancers crowded in at a dollar a head for four hours of waltzes, fox trots, and a few polkas.

Welk is one of possibly a half-dozen dance bands playing today to steady crowds and making excellent money. He is one of the few (another being Guy Lombardo) that can give up traveling and play as long as he wants to in one location.

For the last 20 years in the Midwest—from Texas to Minnesota—Welk has been the acknowledged leader in dance music. The ages of his adherents vary but they seem to fall into two groups. The first ranges from barely zero to 15. Then comes a large gap up to 25. This is followed by the most loyal Welk rooters, from 25 to 68.

Welk defines his own peculiar style as "a basic two-beat rhythm from bass fiddle, electric organ, piano, violin, or drums—embellished with flutes and clarinets." This results in an irresistible sound in the crisp style of an old-time Teutonic burp band.

Welk's oompah recordings of such favorites as "Josephine," the



"Ah-ent-eh-two-eh-play!" Welk

classic "Twelfth Street Rag," "Clarinet Polka," and "Nola" have been steady sellers for years, including his own theme tune, "Bubbles in the Wine." He has turned out millions of copies of more than 250 platters and his 12 albums have sold in the hundreds of thousands.

Welk's friendly grimaces on the platform—hiding gallstones and a highly nervous stomach—seem to give band and audience an extra lift. When he is not leading his ensemble,

they lose a discernible fraction of the rhythmic thrust that is their trademark.

The Welk musicians are noted for their "doubling" ability. Included in his spread of talent are a minimum of 40 extra instruments and about 60 different musical acts.

At 53, the six-foot Welk—built like a weight-lifter, with graying

own box, Welk ran a trapline to snare skunk, weasels, and muskrats. After a year, he had \$15. He bought a cheap accordion that fell apart within a week.

"If you stay on the farm until you're 21," said his father, "I'll buy you one of those things." It was a hard bargain, but Welk agreed to it: he ordered a \$300 instrument.



Left: His famed band, then (right) dances with singer Alice Lon.

curly hair—is convinced that he has the public's ear. But for many years, he was equally certain that he was a musical failure.

He was born March 11, 1903, in a sod-house in the village of Strasburg, North Dakota. He began to play the family's small parlor organ before he was four, two years before he could work the pedals sitting down.

"I yearned to play the accordion," says Welk. Trying to acquire his

His father complained bitterly at the price but kept his word. So did Welk. He did not leave the farm until the very day of his 21st birthday.

For the next seven years Welk played at dances, parties, barn-raisings, festivals, weddings, and similar occasions. At most events he was guaranteed from three to five dollars.

In 1924, an obvious country jake with nothing but a labored stutter-

ing guttural and his accordion, Welk arrived in Aberdeen, a large neighboring town. He managed to get jobs with three successive bands but his inability to read music, speak intelligible English, or jibe with the other instruments got him quick firings.

He managed to join a Chicago orchestra and was surprised at his luck. But, when the leader owed him \$600, he managed to collect \$65 and quit.

On July 4, 1926, in Aberdeen, he hired a pavilion for a dance. It rained buckets and Welk's seductive accordion bounce lured the picnickers in to waltz at a dime a dance. He profited by \$265. Back he went to Strasburg to tour the streets and wave at the people he knew, the very picture of the man who has made his mark in the world.

AFTER A MONTH of adulation, Welk returned to Aberdeen and organized a small band to play at a county fair. He was offered \$40 a week by a vaudeville entrepreneur named George Kelly. When he hesitated in amazement, Kelly offered him a 50-50 split. Welk, in a Spanish matador costume, was billed as "America's Greatest Accordionist." He toured with Kelly's Peerless Entertainers for a few years, then quit and began playing regularly on radio Station WNAX in Yankton, South Dakota, for \$30 a week. Carefully, he added one musician a year until he had six. He billed them as "America's Biggest Little Band"—because the half-dozen musicians could perform on 33 instruments.

Welk fell in love at 24. Conduct-

ing a studio group at WNAX, at 11 o'clock one morning, he noted a pretty brunette in the audience. He got himself introduced after the broadcast to Fern Renner, a student nurse who was training in a nearby hospital.

The girl refused to date him at all. To get her alone, Welk finally determined to have his tonsils removed by a doctor who would assign Miss Renner to his room. In the spring of 1931 they were married.

At the wedding breakfast, Welk was offered a summer job—for board and room and \$25 for the whole group. In those depression days, it was a gift from heaven. Welk accepted it only to find that the room was one room, lined with bachelor bunks. He and his bride were forced to live in an oversized closet.

The first Welk recordings came at this time. Though he will not confess it, record collectors have found that the early Welk waxings—the earliest being something called "Spiked Beer," backed by "On a Shanghai Honeymoon"—have definite spicy characteristics.

For the next three years Welk and his band—with wife and daughter—toured the Midwest in one-night stands, racing hellbent back for Yankton for early morning WNAX broadcasts. He noted that the most popular bands had sponsors. He tried to get one and failed.

Undaunted, he invented one, ordering a hundred gross of chewing gum from a chicle manufacturer. He had it wrapped in labels reading "Lawrence Welk's HONOLULU FRUIT GUM." He lettered his

bus: "LAWRENCE WELK and his Honolulu Fruit Gum Band."

But a national gum manufacturer threatened to sue him for infringement and he got a sheaf of complaints from ballroom owners protesting that they had to scrape gum and refinish their floors after he left. Welk finally decided to retitl his group "Larry Welk and His Hotsy-Totsy Boys."

Finally Welk was booked into the Trianon Ballroom in Chicago—the goal of his efforts; and he was on his way to fame. In the nine years following, Welk operated out of the Trianon, playing throughout the Midwest and in the East. During World War II, he played countless stands at Army camps and Marine and Navy stations. Then he went West to try the California climate.

Today the Welks live in a 10-room Spanish home in Brentwood, outside Hollywood. They have three children, the last being Lawrence, Jr., a 16-year-old whose present interest, to his father's bewilderment, is a connoisseur's devotion to Dixieland jazz.

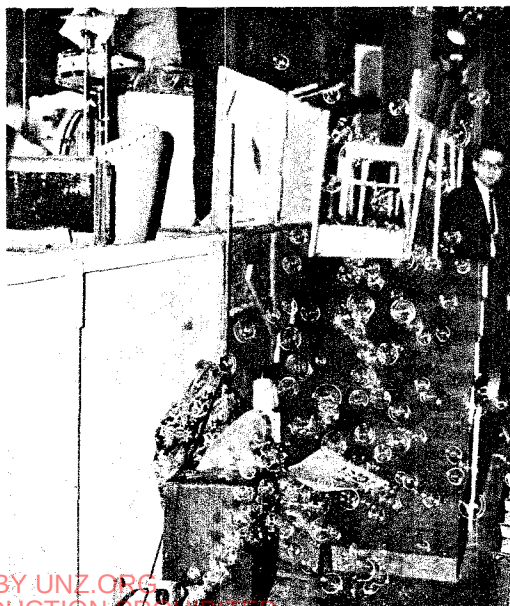
Welk has lost most of his platform bashfulness. He signs autographs and swaps smiles with everyone around—but when he returns to his dressing-room he is trembling with nervous exhaustion.

His hobby is delivering little homilies on the art of pleasing people musically, such as: "The happiest people I know are the folks who sing the 'Song of Life' in the key of B natural."

Naturally, it is a corny quote. After all, that is Lawrence Welk's stock in trade.



Naturally shy, Welk can now relax and join fans in popping mouth with finger to imitate pulling cork from champagne bottle (his trademark). Machine (below) makes "champagne music" bubbles.



Coronet Family Shopper

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To Advertisers interested in placing ads in the Coronet Family Shopper—See bottom of page 160.

Silver Linings

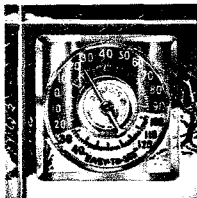
ONE OF OUR MOST frustrating experiences during a recent tour of Europe and the Near East was going through the Mandelbaum Gate on the Israeli side of the Israel-Jordan border. Because of some changes in our party, names and passport data did not correspond to the list that had been sent the authorities ahead of our arrival and we were not let immediately through the Israeli check-point.

It was the Fourth of July, and as we became more and more impatient and indignant, there was grumbling about the "unnecessary and inexcusable" delay. At this point, a diplomatic young Jewish officer came out of the customs office and asked for our attention.

"We want to apologize for having to hold you here so long. I am sure you can understand that we are merely doing what our government requires of us. I am also certain you realize that, since your papers were not in order, we are not to blame for your delay; but we are sorry for it, especially since this is your Independence Day. Why don't you stand and sing the national anthem of your great country?"

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OPTICAL STAR FINDER



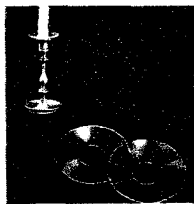
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(Continued on next page)

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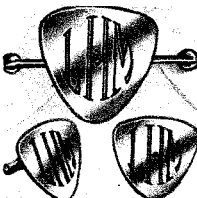
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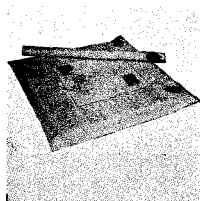
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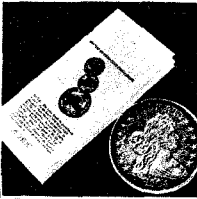
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Silver Linings continued

we all stood and sang lustily, "The Star Spangled Banner." And I believe the suggestion that we do it just about doubled the enjoyment of our stay in Israel. —DUPREE JORDAN

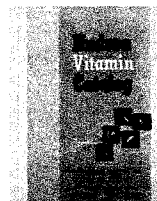
ALTHOUGH I have lived in New York City most of my life, I became confused while driving to a friend's home. While waiting for a light to change I asked the driver beside me for directions. Smiling, he pulled over to the curb and motioned for me to do the same. As soon as I parked, he and three other

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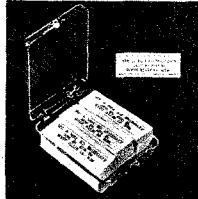
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members of his party came over, spread out a man-sized map and began looking for my friend's street.

After a few minutes' unsuccessful search, I suggested that perhaps I should not bother them further but get help at a gas station.

"We'll find it," the driver said.

They did and, happily folding the map, went back to their car.

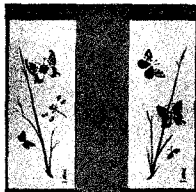
Then, as they drove away, their license plate told me they were from Oregon.

—ROBERT S. MANOFF

SOME YEARS AGO, I stood on the rim of the Grand Canyon watching the dawn breaking over

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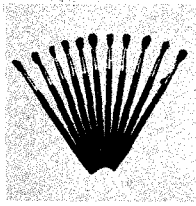
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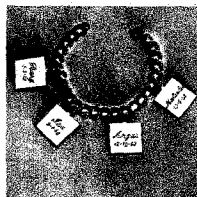


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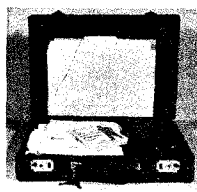
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A cherished gift for Grandmother who will be proud and happy to have her beloved grandchildren with her at all times. Sterling, \$3.00 plus \$1.50 per disc; Gold-Filled, \$4.00 plus \$2.00 per disc. 3/4" discs, round or square, engraved in script with child's first name, birth date. PP. tax, incl. Holiday House, 99 Bellevue Theatre Bldg., Upper Montclair, N. J.

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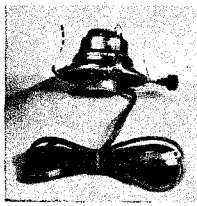
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(Continued on next page)

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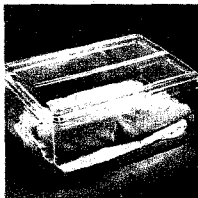
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Silver Linings continued

its cavernous depths and gradually splashing it with sunlight. While I was feasting my eyes upon this great miracle of nature, a forest ranger called my attention to the Colorado River far down in the distance . . .

"Think of it," he said, "that muddy stream achieved this work of art. It began its task hundreds of thousands of years ago; toiled steadily, surely, pressing its way stubbornly through vast mountains of rocks; pushing its way stubbornly through great hills of earth; push-

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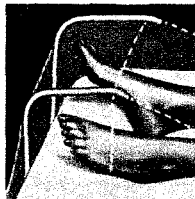
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ing its way relentlessly forward toward the sea."

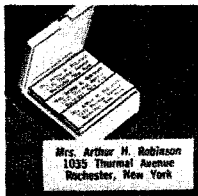
He smiled. "To have fashioned such awesome beauty and grandeur, it must have possessed an exaggerated imagination and a complete disrespect for time."

—LOUIS BINSTOCK, *The Power of Faith* (Prentice-Hall, Inc.)

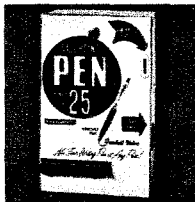
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Realistic actors, actresses, performers, clowns, cowboys, TV cameras, props—over 130 pcs. ready to cut of heavy bookstock. All stand up, average 5" high. Fun for youngsters 2 to 16 putting on Western, Circus, Variety and Drama shows. Free, 2 funny TV puppets. Send \$1 plus 25c pstg. & handling or 4 sets for \$4 to Clarence, Box 321, Lakewood, N. Y.



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With Six Jewelry Items! \$6.00 Value Only \$2.98. Japanese Import. Richly lacquered 8" high chest. Also 16 inch necklace, earrings and coil bracelet. All of imitation pearls plus matching size-adjustable ring and 2 brooches. Order No. 97. When postman delivers, pay \$2.98 plus 3c C.O.D. See. Walver Field Co., Dept. 237, Chicago 6, Illinois.



FABULOUS FIBERGLASS POOLS . . .



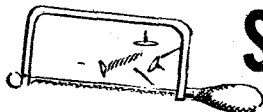
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(Shopping Guide continued on next page)



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The ads below offer you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

FOR THE CHILDREN

PERFECT child's pet. Real live Mexican Burros. Intelligent, lovable, sturdy. Economical to feed. Approx. 38" to 43" high. Can hitch to cart. Surprisingly inexpensive. Write today for free photo folder. Navarro, Merchandise Mart, El Paso, Tex.

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FOR THE WOMEN

TALL-GALS of all ages buy Direct Via Mail. 5th Av. shoes as low as \$8.95. Perfect fittings. Sizes to 13: AAAAA to C. Send today for Free 28 page booklet ET. No risk to you. Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, New York.

EARN \$50 Fast sewing our precut products during spare time. \$3.00 per hour possible. Information 3c. Thompson's, Loganville 26, Wisconsin.

CATALOG—Free, showing complete equipment for cake decorating and unusual baking. Ateco tubes and syringes, many outstanding instruction and recipe books, pans and molds to make your baking really different! A new customer writes, "I'm thrilled to death with your catalog—by far the most interesting Wish Book I've ever seen!" Baking makes perfect hobby, profitable home business. Maid of Scandinavia, 3245-C Raleigh, Minneapolis, Minn.

YOUR Old Rugs, Carpets, Clothing can save you up to Half on lovely new Broadloom Rugs! Easy Monthly Payments, if you wish. Choice of 44 latest colors, patterns and size. Write for beautiful Free Color Catalog and full details. Save Factory to you. Olson Rug Company, Dept. K-61, Chicago 41, Illinois.

HONEYMOONS. "The Place They Told You About." Newfangled only. Your own secluded cottage, meals at the Homestead, lots to do but no planned program. Write, mentioning dates, for unique picture story. Farm on the Hill, Box 10C, Swiftwater, Pa.

WIDE Shoes that are smart, low-priced and comfortable for women. World's largest selection! In the privacy of your own home select from newest styles, fashionable colors, every heel height. Write for Free catalog today. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back. Sizes 4 to 13, widths C to EEE. Syd Kushner, Dept. C, 733 South St., Philadelphia 47, Pennsylvania.

EARN money at home with your Typewriter or Sewing Machine! Turn spare time into dollars! Location doesn't matter. No special education needed! Write today for free details. Carl E. Edwards, 3912C, 12th, Des Moines 13, Iowa.

TO MAIL ORDER ADVERTISERS: Through the Coronet Family Shopper you can expose your products and services each month to more than 10,500,000 discriminating and budget-wise Coronet readers. For full information on insertions in any of the three Family Shopper divisions: (1) Display Section, (2) Shopping Guide—Classified, or (3) School and College Directory, write, indicating the division in which you are interested, to: Coronet Family Shopper, 488 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. (Future closing dates: October 20 for January issue; November 20 for February issue.)

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LONG Narrow Feet now can order by mail: no extra charge for sizes to 12; widths to AAAAAA. Write today for Free Booklet of beautiful new Autumn styles. Perfect fit guaranteed or money back. Mooney & Gilbert, 17 West 57th St., N. Y. C.

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ORIGINAL watercolor paintings by one of this country's most highly recognized artists can now be yours. Painted to your specifications. Ten to eighty-five dollars. Send 10c for illustrated brochure. Irving Shapiro, Box 1119, Chicago 90, Illinois.

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The Magic Word

LIFE ISN'T A SPURT, but a long, steady climb. You can't run far uphill without stopping to sit down. Some men do a day's work and then spend six lolling around admiring it. They rush at a thing with a whoop and use up all their wind in that. And when they're rested and have got it back, they whoop again and start off in a new direction. They mistake intention for determination, and after they have told you what they propose to do and get right up to doing it, they simply peter out.

Steady, quiet, persistent, plain work can't be imitated or replaced by anything just as good. The only undignified job I know of is loafing, and nothing can cheapen a man who sponges instead of hunting any sort of work, because he is as cheap already as they can be made.

—GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

IN ORDER that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: they must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense . . . but a sure sense . . . that so much work has been done well, and fruitfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it. So in order that a man may be happy, it is necessary that he should be not only capable of his work but a good judge of his work.

—JOHN RUSKIN

THOUGH A LITTLE ONE, the master word looms large in meaning. It is the "Open Sesame" to every portal, the great equalizer in the world, the true philosopher's stone which transmutes all the base metal of humanity into gold. The stupid man among you it will make bright, the bright man brilliant, and the brilliant student steady. With the magic word in your heart, all things are possible, and without it all study is vanity and vexation. The miracles of life are with it; the blind see by touch, the deaf hear with eyes, the dumb speak with fingers. To the youth it brings hope, to the middle-aged confidence, to the aged repose. The true balm for hurt minds, in its presence the heart of the sorrowful is lightened and consoled. Not only has it been the touchstone of progress, but it is the measure of success in everyday life...The master word is WORK.

—SIR WILLIAM OSLER





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